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TO OUR READERS a Happy New Year! May it be given to them to be eyewitnesses of true political and social progress in 1929, and may we be the fortunate chroniclers of it! We cannot let this issue, the last to bear the date of the old year, speed on its way without a warm word of gratitude to all those friends who made the tenth year of the present editorship the most successful in our history. To have seen the circulation figures touch, and go above, 40,000 has been to all the editors a profound reason for gratitude and inspiration, though it has not decreased their own sense of inadequacy to their task or blurred their vision of the kind of outspoken weekly they would create were unlimited means theirs. To them the rise in ten years of stress, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and often bitter opposition, from 7,200 readers to 40,000 spells a growth of tolerance (especially for journalistic shortcomings); an increasing demand for more political thinking; and a realization that America cannot live and grow spiritually by material success alone. To those who made the tenth-anniversary subscription campaign a possibility and a success go our special thanks. We record with particular pleasure the formation of clubs of *Nation* readers in a number of communities, not merely because they seek to serve *The Nation* but because they certify to the rising desire of liberals to know one another and to come together again for progressive political action. The editors realize that *The Nation's* road to definite establishment and prosperity is still long and arduous; that they are leagues from the point at which they will be able to build the larger and better weekly they seek to create. But they would be less than human if they let this opportunity pass without recording their profound gratitude for the innumerable evidences from all over the world of good-will, good cheer, generous support, and warm approval which have for them made 1928 unforgettable.

WHILE WE ARE DISTRIBUTING New Year wishes we desire to congratulate the owners of station WMCA of New York on their recent victory before the Federal Radio Commission in winning an equal division of time on the air with station WNYC. Not many large radio stations in America would give to an editor the unconditional right to say what he pleased without preliminary review or censorship, but such is the privilege which has been extended to the editors of *The Nation* by station WMCA for a number of months. Radio listeners who have tuned in on *The Nation* hour once a week can bear testimony to the fact that the most controversial matters have been discussed with the utmost frankness. Station WNYC, which asked the Federal Radio Commission for WMCA's time, and was refused, came before the commission with much public support because it is owned and operated by the city of New York. But municipal operation of a radio station does not mean freedom of speech; in the case of station WNYC it has meant quite the opposite. While New York is seething with governmental scandals which cry out for public exposure, the programs of the municipal radio station are limited to colorless, non-controversial "education." If publicly owned radio stations are to have any distinct value for the community they should be multi-partisan rather than non-partisan, allotting their time proportionately to majority and minority groups. Such an opinion is growing in England where government control has proved irksome and repressive. Meanwhile the editors of *The Nation* will continue to say what they think every Wednesday night over WMCA.

BOLIVIA'S ANNOUNCEMENT that it has ordered a halt to hostilities in the region in dispute between it and the republic of Paraguay increases the hope of a peaceful settlement of the difficulty through the mediation of outside nations, though the Bolivian population is in a hysterical state of mind and is using all the stupid old shibboleths about patriotism and national honor to justify the murder of its own young men and those of its neighbor in a war over something which isn't of the slightest concern to either of the countries, or even to purely selfish commercial interests within them. Fortunately Paraguay is more pacific and, whatever the degree of its fault in the original clash, it has since showed a praiseworthy desire to avoid war. Its acceptance of the offer of mediation on the part of the Pan-American arbitration conference puts it right with public opinion and will win for it world sympathy if Bolivia fails to take a similar course. Incidentally it is not a little ironic that Bolivia is able to spit fire with such gusto largely because it was a recent recipient of a large loan from United States

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bankers. The purpose of this loan, which was internal development, will of course totally miscarry if the country wastes its substance in war or even in preparations for it.

NATURALLY THE BOLIVIAN-PARAGUAYAN outburst has taken the edge off Mr. Hoover's "good-will visit" to South America, but although it is bad for his publicity it may be good for his education. And Mr. Hoover (and the United States) need education much more than publicity. Persons familiar with South American conditions watched with special care the account of Mr. Hoover's reception in the Argentine, partly because Argentina is the most Europeanized and among the most powerful of the Latin-American republics, but also because it is the chief center of antagonism to the United States. Argentina's withdrawal from the Pan-American Conference in Havana last winter because of resentment against our domination is still fresh in memory. Naturally economic causes are the chief source of ill-feeling. Our tariff on agricultural products, though of small benefit to our farmers, is regarded in the Argentine as unfriendly and reprisals have been proposed. The official reception to Mr. Hoover in Buenos Aires was, of course, as gracious as could be devised, but the newspaper dispatches report a distinct lack of popular enthusiasm. Mr. Hoover was happy in seizing his visit in Buenos Aires to declare through the columns of *La Nacion* that he is opposed to intervention by the United States in Latin-American affairs. We hope his Administration may prove the declaration more than wind blowing across the pampas.

THE OUTCOME of the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations is in doubt at this writing. There are various rumors as to what has finally been decided upon in regard to the evacuation of German territory. One of these stories is that the Germans are to pay $400,000,000 for complete evacuation, which sum France will receive on account of reparations, will use to pay what she owes the United States for the army supplies purchased by her after the armistice, and will then consent to the floating of a German loan in America, Berlin to transfer to Washington an unnamed amount of gold. This may be mere gossip, but the fact is that the Germans seem to have returned to Berlin much encouraged in spirit, especially by Stresemann's vigorous opposition to the Polish Prime Minister, Zaleski. The latter said that the action of the German Volksbund of Upper Silesia was "treasonable and a danger to the peace of Europe." To this Stresemann replied with high passion that the Germans in Polish Silesia were right in appealing to the League for redress, declaring that "one of the strongest pillars of the League would be destroyed" if for one moment it forgot its duties to racial and national minorities. In this he was upheld by Briand, who declared that "nothing whatsoever can happen which would cause the League to abandon its solemn duty to all minorities."

THE BEST THAT CAN BE SAID about the Boulder Dam bill as it passed the Senate is that it is better than nothing. The men who fought for this bill against the power lobby for eight years deserve the thanks of every good citizen, but it is a rather sorry disappointment to the advocates of public ownership. It provides for flood control and irrigation through the erection of the highest dam in the world, but the vital questions of public or private development of the power plants to be erected at the dam are left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior. Senator Borah's amendment to make the government construction of the power house mandatory, as the House had already provided, was withdrawn because the advocates of the measure feared a Coolidge veto if this provision was included. The man who inherits the mantle of Albert B. Fall, Hubert Work, and Roy West is permitted to turn over the erection of a power house to private companies or to lease power from a government plant to private companies on terms which will permit them to revise their bids every ten years. The one guaranty—and a very important one—that the electric power will be used for the public interest is the provision that States are given preference over private corporations in the purchase of current. Meanwhile, the Boulder Dam bill has gone to conference for final revision by the Senate and House committees, and after that hazard it still must face both Houses for final vote and then be ratified by the quarreling States of the Colorado basin. The power lobby has at least half a dozen more chances—in the White House, Congress, and the State legislatures—to smother the frail infant.

THE TRIAL OF PERRY HOWARD, the Republican Negro committeeman from Mississippi, and four co-defendants, all charged with the sale of offices, has resulted in their acquittal. Howard, the dispatches report, made an admirable witness in his own behalf, being frank, straightforward, and good humored throughout his cross-examination. The jury simply would not believe the chief government witness, A. P. Russell, a former United States marshal, who swore that he paid the Negroes $2,000 for his office, $1,500 of which was given to Perry Howard in the latter's office in Washington, where he has been assistant to the Attorney General of the United States. An amusing touch was that some of the jurors declared they thought the Negroes had been "exceptionally good" to Russell and his brother and "they did not have much respect for informers anyway." This verdict is accepted as ending the efforts of the white Republican faction in Mississippi to get rid of Howard as the Republican national committeeman. Incidentally, it again puts up to Herbert Hoover the question of the reorganization of the Republican Party in the South. Leading Negroes have been distinctly on the side of Howard, not that they believed that he was above and beyond the time-honored methods of securing delegates and hawking officers to the highest bidder, but because they felt that he had been picked upon as a scapegoat largely because of his color. Meanwhile the Brookhart committee is sitting in Washington and bringing out more and more facts about the free sale of offices in the South. In one case, it appears, one man "gave up" $500 for a postmastership. When he failed to get the job it took the leveling of a revolver to get his money back.

EMPLOYEES OF THE AUSTRIAN postal, telegraph, and telephone service, who number about 50,000, have invented a new technique for labor struggles. They demanded an extra month's pay as a Christmas bonus, asserting that though living costs have increased 200 per cent since the war, wages have remained practically at the pre-war level. Parliament replied that the bad financial situation applied to the whole country and not alone to state employees; it offered a bonus of 30 per cent of a month's wages. The workers refused the offer and began a cam-

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paign of "passive resistance." Instead of refusing to work, they appeared as usual—but proceeded in a leisurely and cheerful fashion to obey to the letter the somewhat obsolete regulations covering their departments. Since the telegraph office permits only a certain number of syllables in a word, the operators are meticulously counting syllables; telephone operators, in an unprecedented desire to avoid mistakes, politely ask customers to repeat numbers several times. As a result the post office in Vienna shows all the animation of a slow moving picture. Four days after the "strike" began, a million letters were piled up, telegrams were arriving one day late, and telephone service had so slackened that customers were making personal calls to save time. Efforts to end the situation have resulted in a deadlock. Parliament refuses to enter into further parleys until "passive resistance" ceases; the employees threaten to do their work with even greater precision. Meanwhile, the postal employees of Vienna are probably the only ones in the world who are taking the holiday "rush" calmly.

THE DEATH of Admiral von Scheer, commander of the German High Seas Fleet at the battle of Jutland, will doubtless precipitate anew the discussion as to the winner of that battle, a debate which is certain to continue as long as history is written. It is interesting to note that the London *Times* now admits that Von Scheer's fleet "returned home after inflicting far greater losses than it had suffered," that he was the best man that could have been picked in the German navy for the chief command, and that he "had made himself an absolute master of a system of leadership that consists in smoke-screens, mass torpedo attacks, outbursts of fire, and *Kehrtwendungen*" (reverse turns). There is no doubt that his fame as a commander will grow with the years; that he showed very great qualities in the battle of Jutland and in his withdrawal from the action. If he did not win a victory, neither did the British. His English rival certainly showed no greater skill or daring or determination. What might have been complete disaster, he well averted. It is unfortunate to have to record the fact that he was constantly egging the Kaiser on to unrestricted submarine warfare. It is pleasanter to add that, as the *Times* puts it, the tone and purpose "of what he wrote, or what he uttered, after the war was public-spirited, honorable, and modest." He devoted his last years to demanding proper care for Germany's maimed and disabled victims of the World War.

ONE MAN by manipulating the keys of an electric typewriter in New York or Washington can set up in type the articles in a hundred newspapers scattered over the continent. This amazing advance in the art of publishing has been made possible by the new teletypesetter which was invented by Walter W. Morey and exhibited in Rochester on December 6 by Frank E. Gannett of the Gannett newspapers. The new invention adapts to the linotype machine the principles of the ticker-tape and the player-piano. An electric typewriter perforates a roll of paper, with symbols for each letter and number desired, and these perforations are transmitted by wire to another city where they are duplicated on a roll of paper and fed into a linotype machine which transmutes the perforations into type. The teletypesetter can be used for mail as well as telegraphic service, since the rolls of perforated paper can be fed into the linotype machine at the convenience of the local editor and the automatic typesetting is said to be swifter and more accurate than the human variety. Moreover these perforated rolls of paper can be used by publishers for the multiple editions of books in place of the cumbersome and expensive process of storing type. These tremendous gains in the mechanical features of publication may be offset, however, by certain social losses. The new invention increases the advantage of the chain newspapers and makes more difficult the survival of the small independent publisher.

ELINOR WYLIE'S SUDDEN DEATH deprives American literature of a uniquely gifted writer. Mrs. Wylie, whose "Nets to Catch the Wind," "Black Armor," and "Trivial Breath" contained some of the most exquisite of contributions to modern poetry, was perhaps more widely known as a novelist. But her novels were the work of a fastidious and fanciful poet, as her prose style had all the manner of her brittle-tempered verse. She was famous for her manner both in prose and verse, and there were those who found it excessive; but the scrupulousness with which she followed her literary desires gave us in "Jennifer Lorn," "The Venetian Glass Nephew," "The Orphan Angel," and "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard," four highly original stories that had much to do over the last few years with undermining the ponderous realistic tradition in contemporary fiction—a tradition which the successes of Thornton Wilder, Ernest Hemingway, and others have latterly shown to be losing favor. Mrs. Wylie was possessed of an appetite for knowledge which some readers of her novels may not have appreciated, since the labor of her researches was ably concealed beneath surfaces of fine precision. She had, in addition, pride and wit; and the current scene is poorer for her passing.

WHAT IS THIS WE READ? Why, that W. L. Mellon's magnificent new yacht, the Vagabondia, has arrived in New York, successfully concluding her maiden voyage. Where from? From Germany where she was built. By whom? Why, no less objectionable a company than Krupp's which, a bit over ten years ago, was turning out shot and shell to be used in killing American soldiers. Could the Vagabondia not have been built in the United States? Why, yes, indeed, just as well; but she would have cost her owner a few thousand dollars more. Is her owner poor? He is not; like his brother the Secretary of the Treasury, he is one of the richest men in America, probably the richest in Pennsylvania. But does he not believe in protection for home industry? Oh, yes, indeed, like his brother, the Secretary, he believes that protection is the foundation stone of American prosperity. He has a good many millions of dollars in protected industries. Why then did he go abroad for his yacht just when our ship-yards were in dire distress for lack of orders? Because when his protectionist theories and his pocket-book came into collision his patriotism and protectionism both faded away. The American ship-yards could go hang. Then he is not 100 per cent patriot? Indeed, Mr. Mellon is. He is precisely the kind of patriot we find in large numbers, men who stand by the flag—until it gets in the way of their profits or their purses. They usually rank high in nationalistic circles and may be counted on to denounce anybody who comes out against the American protective system, or the happy American custom of government by and for the rich.

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A New Liberal Party?

IS there hope now for a new party? This question has come to us in many letters, for the political interest and excitement engendered by the campaign are persisting in an unusual degree. Emphatically we believe that there is hope for a new party. Despite the huge popular vote rolled up by the Democrats their party is moribund. We are well aware that Franklin D. Roosevelt and Governor Smith have referred to the fourteen or more million votes as proof of the vitality of their organization. But a party may register many votes, yet still be near dissolution and still deserve dissolution. The Democratic high tide of votes in 1928 was not due to party principles, for these it deliberately threw away. Nor was it in response to any thrilling new—or old—social or international program, for no such program was presented. It is largely to be explained by resentment at the way in which Governor Smith was persecuted for his origin, his religion, his political associations, and his views on prohibition. It was a response also to the courage and charm of the man himself, to his picturesqueness, his ability, and such liberalism as he voiced. That cannot, however, conceal the fact that his party is bankrupt as to ideas, has no single principle left to differentiate it from the Republican Party which it strove to emulate in every way possible.

But that leaves millions unsatisfied. Opposed to the Republican Party, they cannot embrace the Democratic now that it insists that it, too, stands for Big Business, for high tariffs, for the gospel of all-controlling prosperity, for the curtailment of immigration, for a big navy, and has forgotten all about the Wilsonian doctrines of 1912. So deep is this feeling that we are convinced that one able, brave, and earnest leader, with a liberal program, could rouse the country. There is no such leader in sight—nor likely to be. Again, if there were a single compelling moral issue, a new party would arise as quickly as did the Republican Party upon that of slavery. Instead we have a multiplicity of evils and no generally accepted solution.

If one adds to the lack of a leader, and of an all-compelling issue, the blindly reactionary policies of the American Federation of Labor, and its refusal to enter politics as a labor force, and the notably individualist character of the American dissenter, it would seem on its face as if the situation were hopeless for those who desire a warless world and a new order in which there shall be adequate social control of private profit. We cannot wholly blame those who see no use in moving until some new leader appears, or the prosperity spell has lost its hold. But for us the possibility of an immediate beginning is present. We cannot forget that nearly five million votes were cast for Mr. La Follette and his progressive platform only four years ago. We are deeply impressed by the growth of liberal forums and clubs, by the spontaneous action of readers of *The Nation* in voluntarily banding themselves together in a number of cities—without any suggestion from us—in order to discuss and further among themselves the issues for which *The Nation* stands. We meet, moreover, many men and women who see at last that economic conditions and needs compel a progressive political organization. We venture to prophesy that there is not a hamlet in this country without a few persons in revolt against the existing economic and political order.

Finally, there was the election itself to encourage us. Never before was there such a breaking of party ties, such splitting of ballots—of which the election of a Democratic Governor of New York is one instance, and the amazing defeat of the Crowe gang in Chicago another. Multitudes were ready to distinguish; ready to vote for an issue, but also to weigh the merits of individual candidates, and to vote with no regard for party labels. How else could Senator Shipstead have been reelected without any party?

The omens, therefore, seem favorable. But what can be done now without a leader or a party name, without funds or a single compelling appeal to the public? The answer is that the way to begin is to begin; the way to organize is to organize; the way to fight is to fight; locally now wherever the opportunity offers. There are progressives enough powerfully to affect Congress and to influence the election of 1932 if they could only come together. They do not know one another—often not in their own towns—partly because of the reign of reaction since the war, partly because there has been no common ground of association. An organization to serve as a liaison office; to list the innumerable existing civic and national organizations vitally interested in political and economic reforms; to register the names of individuals in every State who are ready for a change; to encourage political and economic study and action and to inspire it wherever possible; to inquire into the best methods of diffusing progressive thought; to draft slowly and with care a simple platform—that is the great need of the hour. This, we believe, will be the best way to begin the founding of a new liberal party with which we trust the Socialists, with their broad, humanitarian, and international point of view, and their tenacious organization, will be able to affiliate.

We are aware that it is a new technique for this country which we are suggesting. New parties have usually arisen out of a temporary economic stress, or because of a vibrant personality like that of Mr. Roosevelt. To build from underneath is, however, the democratic way. The Republicans did so, and did not know their Lincoln until their machinery was ready to his hand. Today it may seem like essaying the incredible. Not to us. If the work is honestly and ably done it will count. Even if it leads to no party organization, it will be worth while if it merely enables liberals to know one another and stimulates political thinking in the country which today does less sound political thinking than any other important one. We believe that thousands upon thousands of key men and women will rally to the organization as soon as the news reaches them, and that money can be found. Not, however, if there is to be a policy of drift and compromise, or of marking time to see if the Democratic Party can be liberalized, when, as we have so often shown, it is without coherence, or unity, or principle, composed of utterly dissimilar elements. Not if the controlling idea is a certain success in 1932. But if there should be courage, outspokenness, daring, and radicalism—in the English sense of the word—there will, we are certain, be an immediate and unequivocal response.

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Stop the Cruiser Bill!

NO sane person wants war between the United States and Great Britain, but we are moving in that direction at a dizzy pace. At Washington the militarists are using our national miseducation on preparedness to jam through Congress the fifteen-cruiser bill. They are telling our befuddled Congressmen that the failure of the Disarmament Conference leaves only one answer to the British menace, the answer of the biggest navy in the world. Some of them are not content even with this answer; they join with the editor of *Liberty* in demanding a navy large enough to whip both Great Britain and Japan combined. Such chauvinism always finds its echo in the opposing nation. When the British quote *Liberty* the Americans quote Dean Inge, who let slip an unguarded remark about the possibility of Europe uniting to pull the American Shylock's teeth. If the process goes on, the United States and Great Britain will present the spectacle of two angry boys, each with a large stone in his hand, shouting cheap threats at each other and growling: "Put down that rock or I'll hit you in the eye."

In the midst of this puerile snarling of militarist bullies and professional patriots where does our Government stand? President Coolidge in his Armistice Day address deliberately fed the flames of national prejudice and fear. His words brought such a storm of protest from all parts of the country that in his message to Congress he stressed the fact that we were building new cruisers chiefly for replacement and renewal. "This country," he said, "is neither militaristic nor imperialistic." Then, to prove that he was not precipitous in his demand for more military power, he included in his message a recommendation for eliminating the time clause in the cruiser bill. The bill originally called for the construction of five cruisers in 1929, five in 1930, and five in 1931. But the President suggested that these time clauses be omitted and that the cruisers be built when the Executive deemed it necessary.

This policy can have only one meaning. Mr. Coolidge does not want new cruisers, but he wants new threats to use in the diplomatic game of frightening Great Britain into a naval agreement that will be more favorable to the United States. What a jumble of fevered patriotism and political feebleness this policy is! Either we need new cruisers or we do not. The President by waiving the time clauses in the cruiser bill virtually admits that there is no immediate need of the cruisers. As everyone knows, their ultimate purpose is not so much to defend America as to prey upon Britain's trade routes in case of war.

All history teaches us that such threats breed anger and counter-threats, that, indeed, they are primary causes of war. We cannot frighten Britain into disarmament by a military bluff any more than Britain can stop American expansion by a bluff. If we have no immediate need of these fifteen cruisers we should say so, and frankly tell Great Britain that we do not propose to enter into a naval race. The effect of such a declaration upon British public opinion would be electric.

The little group of progressives in Congress who are fighting the cruiser bill deserve the hearty support of every citizen. *The Nation* urges its readers to send appropriate telegrams and letters to their representatives at once.

Bothersome Colonies

THERE was a paragraph in President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech which passed almost unnoticed in the United States but has raised a tumult of discussion in our overseas empire. "Our outlying possessions, with the exception of the Panama Canal Zone, are not a help to us but a hindrance," said Mr. Coolidge. "We hold them not as a profit but as a duty."

Naturally these words have caused much talk and some resentment in the regions alluded to, especially as some of them have been chastised by nature recently as well as by the President. A typhoon has lately caused large loss of life in the Philippines, while the Virgin Islands and Porto Rico were pitilessly battered by the hurricane of last autumn. Rothschild Francis's *Emancipator* of St. Thomas admits sadly that the President's profit-and-loss statement is true in regard to the Virgin Islands, but adds that "if Denmark had known the value of money she certainly could have got at the time of sale $175,000,000 or even $250,000,000 for this particular outlying possession. [We paid $25,000,000.] It is too late now as this is peace time and talk is cheap."

In this country there may be a slight shiver at hearing our colonies discussed from quite such a bookkeeping standpoint as that of Mr. Coolidge, but his words throw a cold light on the whole subject of empire which may be quoted usefully against the policies of his own Administration. If our outlying possessions are "not a help to us but a hindrance," we wonder how Mr. Coolidge explains the passion of the State Department for the practical annexation of Haiti and Nicaragua. In any event, if we have a duty toward our outlying possessions, now is certainly the time to recognize it. The Virgin Islands have been consistently neglected since we acquired them a decade ago, and are still under the "temporary" (and highly unsatisfactory) government then set up. But Porto Rico needs our even more immediate attention, as it was the spot hardest hit in the recent West Indian hurricane. A recent survey shows that the island sustained damage to the extent of $85,000,000 besides the heavy toll of human life. The Red Cross has assisted in supplying food and in rebuilding 50,000 houses, but has no funds for the rehabilitation of agriculture. The coffee industry is in the worst plight, and it is to be hoped that Congress will accede to the plea to make a loan for its revival. This industry is the only considerable one in the island still controlled largely by small individual owners, and although the living conditions of the workers are pitiable, it would be too bad if this remnant of independent agriculture were allowed to perish. As it will take five years to bring new coffee trees into bearing, and as most of the growers are without capital, it is obvious that they will have to have more or less assistance until they can sell their first crop.

Harwood Hull's *Porto Rico Progress* takes the wise stand that this is the moment to take a broad survey of the island's problems as a whole, and act accordingly, instead of merely dealing out temporary doles here and there. It recalls another part of the Armistice Day speech in which Mr. Coolidge said: "We intend to preserve our high standards of living" and declared that "we should like to see all other countries on the same level."

The newspaper then asks:

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If the United States holds Porto Rico as a duty, as the President says, what is the duty of the United States to her fellow-American citizens here? How badly does the President want to preserve the high standards of living in the United States and how badly does he want those standards attained and maintained in Porto Rico?

Millions of money may be appropriated for Porto Rico with scarcely more effort than that required to make the President's speech. If appropriated every cent will be wasted, and worse than wasted, unless basic facts and conditions are studied and understood and a broad general plan developed for the physical, social, and economic rehabilitation of the largest group of American citizens anywhere outside of continental United States; rehabilitation required not because of a chance hurricane, but because of generations of malnutrition, disease, ignorance, and neglect.

Though he did not know it when he made his speech, this is the "duty" of the United States to Porto Rico to which the President referred.

The position is well taken. The situation in Porto Rico is critical. But it is only a little more critical because of the hurricane than it has been during all the thirty years of our occupation. Porto Rico suffers chronically from too many mouths to feed and too little to put into them. The density of population is ten times that of the average for our continental United States, and yet agriculture is—and seems destined long to remain—the one great source of subsistence. The food of the workers is miserably inadequate, and anemia is widespread, due to hookworm and malnutrition. The Porto Rico Chamber of Commerce estimates that at the present time unemployment extends to 60 per cent of the workers, but this is not greatly beyond the normal, which is always appalling. *Porto Rico Progress* is right. If we pretend a duty to the island, then there is an immediate call for a searching survey and an honest, intelligent effort at a remedy.

The *Spectator*

THE London *Spectator* has just passed its hundredth birthday, an event appropriately celebrated by a commemorative issue of the magazine and by the publication in book form of a history of its career.* A good quarter of a century older than its conservative rival, the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator* has been for several generations the best organ of moderate, or rather conservatively tinged, English liberalism, and all signs point to a future no less bright than its past. On this anniversary we extend to the *Spectator* our heartiest congratulations, with best wishes to the editor, John Evelyn Wrench.

Probably no other magazine of equal age has maintained so completely continuous a tradition or, in general, undergone so few vicissitudes. Times change and opinions change with them, but the *Spectator's* position in relation to the problems of any particular period has remained almost the same during a century, and it has survived not merely as a name but as a personality also. Doubtless this continuity has been more easily maintained as a result of the fact that from 1828 until 1925 it underwent only two significant changes of ownership. Founded by a rather shadowy Scottish journalist named Rintoul, who remained its editor and proprietor until 1858 and established its tendency, it passed (after a brief interregnum) into the hands of Meredith Townsend and R. H. Hutton, who then carried it on until 1897, when St. Loe Strachey assumed control. In all three cases proprietor and editor were one, and as each editor relinquished it he handed it on, not as a mere property to be sold in the open market but to a successor who would regard it as a permanent institution.

It so happened, moreover, that under each regime the magazine found itself called upon to take an active part in molding public opinion concerning a particular group of related issues. Rintoul passionately championed the cause of the Reform Bill and fought for the repeal of the Corn Laws. Townsend and Hutton espoused the cause of the North in the American Civil War and played a considerable part in the efforts to effect the change of attitude brought about in England. Mr. Strachey was faced with the responsibility of determining the policy of the magazine in respect to the World War. Perhaps Mr. Strachey's regime was the most conservative which the paper had known, and *The Nation*, of course, is not inclined to regard his militant patriotism and his imperialistic militarism as a logical part of the liberal tradition. But Mr. Strachey himself defined the position of the *Spectator* as being that of the "left center," and the description is accurate when applied to the whole of its historic policy, even though the earlier editors may have been further to the left than he. In general the *Spectator* has supported the most important reform measures as they have appeared, but it has always very carefully guarded itself against any possible charge of what would have been called "jacobinism" in its early days and is called "dangerous radicalism" now.

Increasing age inevitably gives to any institution an increasing air of respectability, and irreverent members of more than one younger generation have sometimes been inclined to consider the *Spectator*, in spite of its liberal principles, as primarily an organ of solid bourgeois opinion. Stevenson's reference to it as his "grandmother" supplied a nickname which stuck, but on the whole the charge of "grandmotherliness" could be more easily sustained by judicious quotation from the literary columns published during its past than by any citations from the history of its political opinion. Indeed, as the author of a summary in the centenary issue admits, "for a hundred years the *Spectator* was surprisingly the same in its literary outlook; very quick to recognize solid achievement, a little slower to praise talent that came with a disruptive and unusual vigor." In its earliest days it divided its intensest admiration between two established figures, Scott and Byron, and a little later it published articles by Carlyle and Swinburne, but it was somewhat querulous in its reception of Tennyson, Browning, and Meredith, while it was uncompromising in its criticism of various other men who have since been everywhere accepted. Of "Wuthering Heights" it said that "the persons and incidents are too coarse to be attractive," and upon the dogmatic Matthew Arnold it expressed the strange judgment that he was, as a critic, "too tentative, and too insecure." Campbell has "of all the bards of the present century . . . the surest chance of becoming the poet of posterity," but Blake's "Songs of Innocence" "appears to have been written under the influence of *eau sucré* and Whitman "delights to dance naked and to chant indecent platitudes in prose run mad." Obviously the *Spectator* was not good at literary prophecy; but in all fairness it must be admitted that few magazines ever have been.

* "The Story of the Spectator, 1828-1928." By William Beach Thomas. Methuen and Company.

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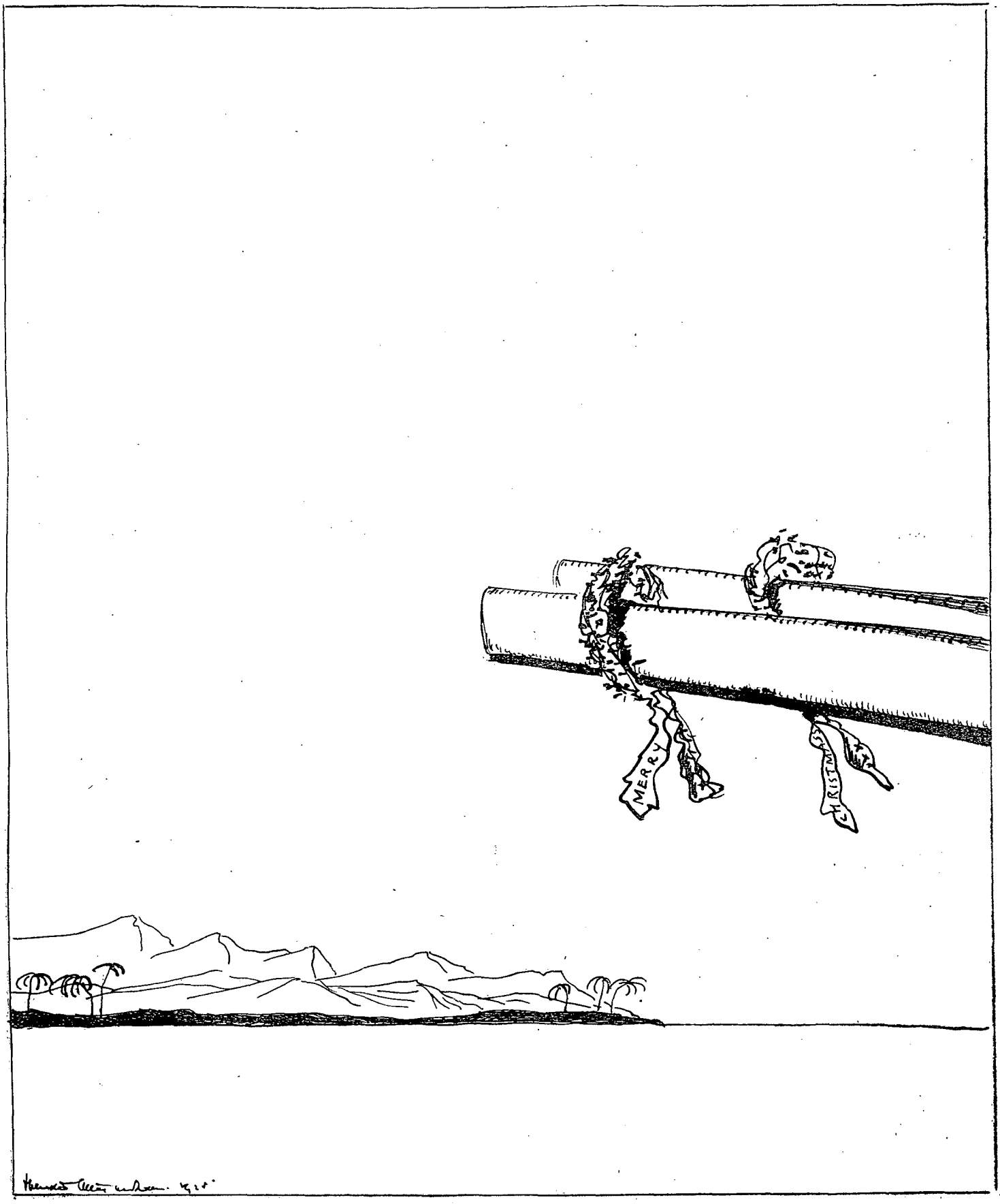

The Season of Good-Will in South America

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Hoover and the "Big Lift"

By AMOS PINCHOT

EARLY last fall hints were dropped from Olympus that a Republican victory would be followed by a largess to business of unusual, indeed unparalleled proportions. Since November 6 belief in this largess has grown. Yet, among newspaper seers, political prophets, and others who should be in the know, the exact nature of the largess is still a moot question, the general opinion, however, being that the Big Lift, as it has been called, would have to do with hydro-electric development.

This opinion, I think, is incorrect. For, though generosity to the hydro-electric group is obviously on the cards, my belief is that the Hoover Administration will hitch its wagon to a higher star; and that the Big Lift will turn out to be a grand offensive against the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Five years ago Mr. Hoover wrote a book about his political and economic philosophy. "American Individualism," by Herbert Hoover (Doubleday, Page and Company, 1923), deals with the relations that should exist between government and private business. And it is to this subject that Mr. Hoover applies the test of individualism, the philosophy to which he moors both his political and economic thinking. Now, a man's philosophy is perhaps the most important thing about him. Once we understand it, we are in a fair way not only to comprehension of his past, but to a more or less accurate forecast of his future. For this reason "American Individualism" is of more than passing interest. For, though with characteristic reticence Mr. Hoover does not mention the Sherman law by name, he nevertheless inserts it as a major theme in his book.

Now, the theory of individualism, as applied to government and business is a simple and, to most of our minds, a sound one. It is that the government should keep its hands off business, leaving it to its own devices, except when restraint is clearly necessary, in order to safeguard equal opportunity and competition, i.e., to preserve the essentials of individualism itself. In the earlier pages of his book Mr. Hoover sets this down fairly enough, adding that his faith in individualism is rooted in personal experience as well as in theory. He has seen America; he has seen Europe; he has experienced "the backwash and misery of war." "And from it all," he concludes, "I emerge an individualist—an unashamed individualist." So far Mr. Hoover is not saying anything startling. He is merely restating the faith that Jefferson, the loving disciple of John Locke, published in his epic struggle with Hamilton, the argument that Senators Sherman, Hoar, and Edmunds brought to a favorable, indeed unanimous, vote in the great debates on the Sherman law in 1889 and 1890. From this point, however—from the point at which, having stated his theory, the writer begins to apply it to actual conditions—the book takes a sudden and rather disconcerting turn. Mr. Hoover becomes a politician instead of a philosopher, and a politician revamping his theory to fit a purpose which, though obscure at the outset, grows clearer as the book proceeds.

In short, though Mr. Hoover does not cease to praise individualism and "its corollaries," equality of opportunity and "the free-rolling mills of competition," he, at the same time, gives a clean bill of health to American industrialism —quite irrespective of the fact that its attack on individualism has never been so severe or so effective as it is today: first, by denying that concentration of wealth and power is any longer a thing to be feared (though there was a time, he admits, when "domination by [business] groups" threatened us "with a form of autocracy"); second, by rebuking the government for too much regulation of big business; and third, by incorporating in his book four seemingly commonplace sentences which, nevertheless, carry implications that no monopolist, or would-be monopolist, can consider without a thrill of joy.

These sentences are:

> Excluding the temporary measures of the war, the period of regulation has now been long enough with us to begin to take stock of its effect upon our social system. It has been highly beneficial, but it has also developed weaknesses in the throttling of proper initiative that require some revision. We have already granted relief to labor organizations and to agriculture from some forms of regulation. There is, however, a large field of cooperative possibilities far outside agriculture that are needlessly hampered.

Now, just what do these sentences mean? To the person unfamiliar with the provisions of the so-called Clayton and Capper-Volstead Acts, they mean little or nothing. But, if one happens to recall that, on October 15, 1914, Congress "relieved" labor and agricultural organizations by placing them beyond the reach of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and, again, on February 18, 1922, "relieved" dairy farming, ranching, fruit growing, and other cooperatives, by a similar grant of immunity, the gist of the sentences at once becomes important.

To be specific, Mr. Hoover's meaningful, though veiled, sentences are notice, to those who know how to read them, that, though Mr. Hoover is philosophically an individualist, he is, nevertheless, practically a safe man. Safe because he believes the government should cut loose from its traditional opposition to monopoly. Safe since he suggests that, just as it has guaranteed labor unions and farm cooperatives (which, by the way, Congress never intended to bring under the Sherman law) against prosecution, it shall now guarantee big business, and give monopoly and price-fixing a free hand. It should be noted in this connection that Mr. Hoover uses the term "cooperative possibilities" in the sentence in which he asserts that the government is hampering industry: "There is, however, a large field of cooperative possibilities far outside agriculture that are needlessly hampered." In the language of big business, "cooperation" is almost invariably used as a polite but deceptive synonym for monopoly. When Judge Gary defended the steel and iron monopoly before the Stanley Committee, he called it "cooperation." Last year, when heavy production broke the oil trust's power to control the price of crude, there went up a cry that the Sherman law was thwarting "cooperation."

Many years ago this country came to the conclusion that to allow individuals, or groups of them, to crush competition, control production, and fix the price of the essentials of life, was not merely an expensive policy, but one

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distinctly dangerous to the integrity of government. Wherefore, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890 and subsequent supporting legislation. It is not my purpose to uphold the Sherman law as a complete or adequate solution of the monopoly question. Yet, although it has failed in conspicuous cases to protect the public from monopoly and extortion, it has, nevertheless, in a multitude of less-known cases, been useful in preventing the formation of monopolies and in keeping prices down, the latter being the law's main purpose. Moreover, its failures have been due less to faults in its theory and original provisions than to the refusal of the courts to construe it liberally and the neglect of Congress to amend it in accordance with changing business conditions. For instance, if Congress had early taken the position that the functions of production and distribution should be rigidly divorced so that no industrial producer or distributor should own or in any way control a railroad and vice versa (a reform urged by more than one Congressional committee), America's industro-financial history, as well as her political history, might today be read on a cleaner page.

However, with all its faults, the Sherman law, besides being a threat and at times a bar to monopoly, has been immensely valuable as a searchlight on the methods of big business. The prosecutions carried on under its authority, the scathing opinions handed down by justices of the Supreme Court, and the disclosures of committees and commissions investigating alleged illegal mergers and suppressions of competition have centered public attention on industrial questions, at the same time penalizing monopolists by forcing them to expend vast sums for legal expenses, propaganda, etc. Undoubtedly, the Sherman law has served to keep the more lawless elements of big business on the defensive, so much so indeed that, in emergencies, the latter have not stuck at packing courts, congresses, and cabinets.

For example, about the time that Mr. Morgan the elder, at a meeting of his lawyers, expressed the fear that his merger of some two hundred plants into the United States Steel Corporation would, if attacked by the Department of Justice, result in conviction under the Sherman law, there found their way into President Roosevelt's Cabinet two former members of the legal staff of the Steel Corporation, one president of a subsidiary of the Steel Corporation, and a director of the Steel Corporation, who was also a partner in the Morgan firm. At the present moment, the Sherman law is holding up the merger of two competing coal-carrying railroads, and threatening the Mellon aluminum, the Havemeyer sugar, and other trusts with indictments that no doubt will be side-tracked, but not without a good deal of embarrassment and some scandal.

Despite the propaganda to the contrary the Sherman law is rarely, if ever, invoked against legitimate business consolidations or large units of production. Nor does it interfere with initiative, enterprise, or invention. It attacks only monopoly, price-fixing, and unfair competition, for which reason it is more hated by monopolists, more misrepresented, and more schemed against than any law ever signed by a President.

Mr. Hoover, in "American Individualism," paints a glowing picture of our economic system. He declares it to be free from Europe's socialistic degeneration; and, in this, he is quite right. But when he adds that the United States is "steadily developing the ideals that constitute progressive individualism," he is not right and not on firm ground. Indeed, no man should know better than the ex-Secretary of Commerce that, so far from being individualistic, our basic industries are dominated by monopoly groups, which have so successfully warred on individualism, equal opportunity, and competition that, unless the tide of battle turns, they will before long disappear, and, like prehistoric beasts, be known henceforth only by their bones.

For example, Senate Document 1263, 67th Congress, 4th Session, is the clear and readable report of the Committee on Manufactures which investigated the oil industry in 1922 and 1923. After taking the testimony of the outstanding leaders of the oil and gasoline world and examining their records for months, the committee finds that neither individualism, equal opportunity, nor competition has survived in this sector of enterprise, which employs over eleven billions of capital and produces commodities of an annual value of about two and a half billions. The committee reports:

> The dominating fact in the oil industry today is its complete control by the Standard companies. Any discussion of the subject which does not frankly recognize this control can only be misleading. Standard Oil today fixes the price which the producer of crude oil receives at the well, the price which the refiner receives for his gasoline and kerosene, as well as the retail price paid by the consumer.

And this state of things the committee finds to be the chronic one, except for brief periods, in which development of new fields speeds up production and temporarily breaks monopoly's power.

The chief cause of this situation the committee traces to the control exercised by the Standard Oil interests over the oil-carrying railroads, and especially the pipe-lines, in both of which differentials favorable to the trust are established and used as clubs with which to bring the independents to heel:

> Through the Standard control of pipe-lines connecting the producing centers of the West with the consuming centers of the East and Middle West not only is the price fixed according to the will of the Standard group which any other interest must pay for the transportation of petroleum, but members of the group really determine whether any concern outside their group shall have petroleum transported at any price.

On the score of price-fixing the committee goes on to say that Mr. James E. O'Neil, lately president of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, a Standard subsidiary, and at present a fugitive in Europe owing to his complicity in the Continental oil deal, part of the proceeds of which were used to pay the deficit of the Republican National Committee, is the individual who guides the price movements of crude oil for the whole trade.

In the anthracite coal industry a similar, but, if anything, worse condition is disclosed by numerous government reports, of which Mr. Hoover can hardly be ignorant. Here, monopoly and control of prices have become so effective that people living in towns built directly above the Pennsylvania mines pay as much for their hard coal as people in New York or Maine. And this has been going on for nearly half a century, to be exact, since 1886, when Mr. Morgan the elder summoned the leaders of the oil and coal interests to his library and perfected his plan for ending competition by tying up the avenues of transportation.

The story of the steel industry, as brought out by the last Congressional investigation, of 1911-1912, is not essentially different. The entire business has been turned into a

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feudal system, in which the Steel Corporation, through its control of ore and coal-hauling railroads, has expelled competition, and fixed prices arbitrarily.

In his testimony in the United States versus the Steel Corporation, Judge Gary admitted a differential of several dollars a ton. And Mr. Morgan's chief engineer, Mr. Julian Kennedy, testified before the Stanley Committee that, through its railroad and raw-material differentials, the Steel Corporation could, if it chose, destroy the so-called "independents," a fact that, whatever Mr. Hoover may say, is hardly consistent with individualism.

The beef-packing industry, the aluminum industry, the shoe-machinery industry, and many others have followed in similar unindividualistic paths. And, though in a few large industries such as automobile-making and chain grocery and department stores, competitive conditions survive and create higher efficiency and better service to the public than are known where monopoly prevails, these have escaped monopolization only because no individual or group within any of them has, so far, been able to corner and control any really essential industrial element.

The disadvantage of having a man of Mr. Hoover's training in the White House is likely, I fear, to exceed the advantages by a wide margin. Mr. Hoover has so thoroughly absorbed the point of view of his former employers and associates that it is impossible for him to pass a penetrating judgment on their way of doing things, or to study impartially the political and economic problems in which they are concerned. Consequently, though in his book and later in his campaign for the Presidency, Mr. Hoover presents individualism as his ideal, the fact that the industro-financial hierarchy, of which he has himself been a part, is laying violent hands on his ideal, tearing it down under the pretense of "cooperation," and setting up monopoly and privilege in its place, does not register in his mind. The only danger he sees to individualism is socialism—socialism, which has never been at a lower ebb in this country than now.

On the whole, forecasting Mr. Hoover's attitude by the philosophy of his book, which is more a plea for privilege than for individualism, it seems probable that a concerted drive against the Sherman law—the Big Lift that big business, and particularly the oil group, demands—will take place within the year; that monopoly, beneath the warming rays of Presidential approval, will bring forth new and abundant fruit; that the public-utilities interests will consolidate their power, defeating government operation of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, and, no doubt, escaping effective regulation, since effective regulation of privately owned utilities does not, and, for sufficient reasons, probably never will exist; and finally that at the end of four years Mr. Hoover, having by righteous and legal means done more for plutocracy than ever Mr. Harding did by winking at villainies, will again be the choice of a nation gone serenely Babbitt.

Calles: Mexico's Leading Citizen

By ERNEST GRUENING

WITH the inauguration of Emilio Portes Gil as provisional President of Mexico a significant period in Mexico's evolution may have begun. Or rather it would be more accurate to say, with the termination of the Presidency of Plutarco Elias Calles, for despite his withdrawal from public office he has been, is, and for the rest of his life will continue to be the dominant figure in the Mexican scene. If important transformation in Mexico may be expected within the next decade, it is due in a land where the individual still counts extraordinarily to Calles, last of the Sonorans.

In discussing Mexico's future it is necessary to guard both against the undue optimism that a few favorable symptoms in her public life seem to justify, and, likewise, against the pessimism that a longer acquaintance with contemporary Mexican events is apt to engender. Many—including chiefly Mexicans—who have lived through the seventeen years of the revolution and seen its repeated betrayals and relapses, its high hopes and crushing disappointments, are apt to dismiss any current manifestations with a cynical reference to the French proverb—"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

Nevertheless the deep ferment of revolution has brought results. To achieve them was needed a leader who could combine understanding of the nation's needs, that is, sympathy with the revolutionary aspirations, inflexibility of purpose in materializing them, the political sagacity to maintain himself in office, and, above all, the character that would inspire respect at home and abroad. That leader has been and is Plutarco Elias Calles.

The present tense in his case is quite as important as the past. For, by refusing further tenure of the Presidency, which could have been his again—perhaps indefinitely—for the asking, Calles acquires a prestige and assumes a role in the life of the nation which permits him to serve it fully as much in the future as in the past. What have these services been?

Three underlying revolutionary aspirations have been crystallized in the regime of Calles and lifted to a plane of tangible achievement.

The agrarian reform is a fact. Begun under Carranza, it was a complete failure at the end of his term. It was carried further under Obregon, but was still so harassed by difficulties and the errors of its execution that four years ago it could not well be spoken of as much more than a hope deferred. While far more remains to be done than has been accomplished—indeed, it is the task of a generation—the feudal land tenure is dead, and a new system of small landholdings from which several millions of former peons are benefiting has been erected on ruins.

Labor has been given a chance to organize freely. Whatever may be the ultimate evolution of Mexican labor, it has been set free of the political shackles which bound it. Its process of self-education has begun.

Mexico's autonomy in the family of nations has been established. It has been a bitter struggle. Successively the Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge administrations varyingly have impinged on Mexican sovereignty. Conversely credit must be given to each of Mexico's executives from Madero on for stubbornly resisting any attempted or

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actual infringements by the United States. The proof of Mexico's assurance of her position as a sovereign nation, entitled to all the attributes and prerogatives thereof, comes—oh paradox of parodoxes—in the unique and unprecedented praise of the United States Ambassador in the inaugural address of President Portes Gil. Recalling the succession of United States ambassadors and chargés whose every move seemed to be the flaunting of a red cape before the snorting and sensitive *toro* of Mexican nationalism, it makes one rub one's eyes. We seem to have a man in the arena who has walked up and stroked the bull's nose. It may be taken for granted that the allusion to Mr. Morrow and his friendship was included in the Presidential message not merely with the consent but at the instance of Calles. Incidentally it should be recognized as a deserved tribute to the outstanding diplomatic achievement in United States history. Thus, in three fields of national activity—land, labor, and foreign relations—there has been definite accomplishment.

There has also been a fine, though limited, development in public-health work, road-building, irrigation, and school construction in city and country, and a definitely increased administrative efficiency. The maintenance of peace despite the various attempts at rebellion has been an important if negative achievement. So much for the record of Calles the President.

Viewed in the light of the immensity of his task, of the semi-chaos which he inherited in the wake of the De la Huerta rebellion, the obstacles that he faced in the militant hostility of the church, of the oil men, and of the State Department while its representative was Mr. James R. Sheffield, it is a great achievement. Contrasted against it, the errors in the matter of political favoritism, and the condonation of military violence, fade into insignificance. Excepting only the epochal Reform of the late eighteen-fifties, Calles's term has been the most important four-year period in Mexico's national life.

In one respect only was there complete failure. "Effective suffrage and no reelection," was the revolutionary device which overthrew Diaz. It has remained the campaign slogan ever since. But it has been wholly denatured by political performance. Elections in Mexico, except such as were foregone conclusions, have been a farce. The state elections with rare exceptions have been burlesques of fraud and violence, in which loss of life has been almost the rule. Only within the last month the state elections in Aguascalientes and Puebla have run bloodily true to form.

In the face of such a record Calles's refusal to run again and his declarations of the need of a new deal in politics are of vast importance. (It should be remarked that through an amendment to the Constitution of 1917, adopted by the Mexican Congress in 1927, to remove all doubt as to the legality of Obregon's candidacy, reelection of a President, after an interval, was legalized. Obregon had always contended that the prohibition of reelection in Article 83 of the Constitution of 1917 applied only to successive terms; an election after an interval in private life, he insisted, was another election, not reelection.)

Indeed, the whole record since the apparently cataclysmic assassination of Obregon has in many respects been without precedent. The nation recovered its poise to an unexpected degree and almost instantly. The trial of the murderer proceeded with a judicial calm and leisure which would have done credit to the most firmly established "government of laws" on earth. The elimination of ambitious generals as Presidential contenders and the complete tranquillity which surrounded the choice of Portes Gil for the interim Presidency was a new and unheard-of chapter in Mexican politics. This orderly sequence of events was in no small degree due to the unseen strategy of Calles.

In the momentary burst of grief and rage which followed the shooting of Obregon, Calles immediately moved the dead chieftain's closest associates into positions of brief authority. They were given charge of the preliminary investigation of the murder. The resignation of Morones was accepted. In the excitement of the hour he was blamed by the unfriendly agrarian leaders, though quite unjustly, for the "intellectual authorship" of the crime. Though personally friendly to the CROM leader, Calles took this opportunity to allow this laborite whose popularity had greatly diminished in office, to retire. For a brief interval, *Obregonismo*, even with its leader dead, appeared in the ascendent. None knew better than Calles that it was but a passing phase, and that shortly the group welded around Obregon would disintegrate. Almost with the removal of Obregon's body to Sonora, and even before the election in Congress of an interim successor, *Obregonismo* had dissolved. All eyes were now turned on Calles. He was begged not to leave office. He was offered whatever amendments to the constitution were needed to permit him to hold over "in the crisis." Public sentiment crystallized into the hope and belief that the method would be to have Congress elect (upon the nomination of Calles) an interim President and that in the special elections to be held fourteen months later (February 5, 1930), Calles would be chosen for the six-year term.

Congress assembled on September 1, to be opened, according to annual custom, with the President's account of his previous year's administration. To this ceremony President Calles invited not only every state governor, but every Jefe de Operaciones, the heads of the thirty-two military districts. All the political power of the nation was concentrated in the Chamber of Deputies upon that solemn occasion. The proverbial bombshell would have caused far less surprise than Calles's emphatic declaration that not only would he not be a candidate either for the interim or for the regular term, but that he would never again be a candidate for the Presidency. The rule of the *caudillo*, the chieftain, "the man on horseback," was over, he declared. Henceforth the ruler of Mexico would be "the law." This ideal that he held up for Mexico is, of course, none other than the oft-repeated Anglo-Saxon apothegm of "a government of laws, not of men."

Before the flabbergasted political cohorts could recover their breath, Calles entertained the generals at a conference in which they were carried away to fervent declarations of support of whomsoever the nation should elect. The various cliques within the army had had no time or opportunity to formulate plans of their own. Having them all corralled in one room, Calles ventured the question whether they had united or were prepared to unite on one of their number. Of course they had not. With the all-powerful Calles exhibiting such abnegation none ventured to propose himself as the nation's savior. The candidacy of General Mañuel Perez Treviño went by the board. The military's indorsement of a civilian—of a figure who would symbolize not the chieftaincy of the past, but the projected reign of law—was the only course open to the assembled generals. The

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choice of Portes Gil, called only a short while before from the governorship of Tamaulipas to assume the portfolio of Gobernación, the head of the Cabinet, was assured.

Viewed in its historic perspective, the proposal to substitute democracy by executive fiat is quite impossible of early realization. It will be recalled that Mexico, emerging from three centuries of colonial absolutism, sought to enter its national existence under a constitution modeled on that of the United States. But the "three branches" remained an abstraction. Government in Mexico, politically speaking, has from first to last been an autocracy secured by the strongest. The most repeatedly declared aim of the revolution has been to substitute democratic government. But the heritage has been too overpowering.

In announcing his program, President Calles spoke of the need of a true government of parties, urged that a party be formed to embody and carry forward the ideals of the revolution, and suggested that even those opposed to the revolution should now be given their chance to be heard. Within subsequent weeks there have been hasty efforts on the part of not a few men prominent in government circles to acquire first-hand knowledge of the working of political parties in the United States. At least half a dozen independent requests have gone forth for literature bearing on our party organizations. It is the well-known "history repeats itself." A little over a century ago, the Constitution of the United States was hailed by the Mexican constitution framers as their political panacea and the magic formula for the hoped-for democracy.

What the Mexicans in the eighteen-twenties as well as in the nineteen-twenties apparently failed fully to understand is that apart from the vast dissimilarity in the political heritages of Mexicans and North Americans—continued autocracy on the one hand versus a steadily widening diffusion of power—is the basic difference in local self-government. The growth of political institutions in the United States is an evolution from the self-governing settlement and the town-meeting. In Mexico the appointive official, or local chieftain, in colonial days a fusion of the Aztec *cacique* and the royal *corregidor*, continued after independence as the *jefe politico* though officially abolished by the revolution, still persists in fact without the title. Diaz appointed the state governors, though with the pretense of electoral forms. But under the revolution which was to abolish all that, governors have continued to strong-arm themselves into office. The *cacique* still rules lesser subdivisions by right of might and chicanery. The office as a spoil has remained the concept in municipality and state—though there have been gratifying exceptions. Of course, spoils are a factor in our politics, but no more serious mistake could be made in an effort at understanding the differences between Mexico and the United States than to find other than the remotest parallelism therein. Our municipal corruption in such cities as Chicago and Philadelphia represents the worst we have to offer. An Albert B. Fall is distinctly the exception in our Cabinets today. On the other hand, Calles's arrest and holding for trial of General Jose Alvarez, the chief of the Presidential staff, for grafting, praiseworthy as it was, is still also distinctly exceptional. There have been, along with outstanding and strictly honest men in the Calles Cabinet, others who continue to view public office as a means to feathering their own nests. Certain reappointments in the Portes Gil Cabinet, and such appointments as that of Marte Gomez to the Ministry of Agriculture and of Sanchez Mejorada to the Ministry of Communications are of the highest order. Marte Gomez was largely responsible for the efficient and enlightened application of the agrarian reform in Tamaulipas under Governor Portes Gil; he then became head of the National Farm Credit Bank. No one in Mexico is better qualified for his new and responsible post than he. Sanchez Mejorada, comparatively unknown, likewise is a non-political figure, an engineer whose appointment spells public service.

Of course, in our country purely political appointments to the Cabinet are not unknown. But with the continuity that exists in the departments, regardless of Cabinet changes, the secretaryships are, as a rule, relatively innocuous. They do not as in Mexico spell the difference between administrative success and failure. What Mexican executives need to realize is that at this juncture of Mexico's development, and in the attempted transition to democratic forms, the example given at the top is of supreme importance. Granted that political reform cannot yet spring from the bottom, and admitting the great difficulty of bestowing it from above, nevertheless the effect of a complete and unmistakable house-cleaning in all the offices within the reach of the national executive would be incalculably far-reaching. It is not true that Mexico lacks capable timber for high office, though it is naturally not as plentiful as in countries where politics has been more closely identified with public service. There are, for instance, in Mexico men highly qualified for the important office of Minister of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, who have had practical experience in conducting great business enterprises and are yet not disqualified by the (in Mexico) fearsome label of "reactionary." The head of the largest, most successful, and model tobacco factory—one which has kept well ahead even of the Mexican Federation of Labor's requirements, in which all its workers are organized, is such a man. He happens curiously enough to have been a revolutionist since the Madero days, and at present is senator from the state of Mexico. One wonders likewise why so devoted and capable a public servant as Moises Saenz, sub-Secretary of Education for the past three years, was passed over in the selection for the secretaryship.

The prospects for democracy from beneath are, curiously enough, by no means lacking, though not through the political channel which parallelism with the United States would lead one to expect. They will come far more directly through the agrarian cooperatives and urban labor unions, which are serving as training schools in citizenship of great value. The new political party, to be inaugurated under the sonorous title of Great National Revolutionary Party, does not by the mere gesture of coming into being offer any hope of political emancipation from the past rule of force, unless the spirit which actuated Calles in making his fine pronouncements on the need of "a government of law" is materialized unflinchingly in appointments to office. The appointees must spell "public service only" to the public eye. Apart from its relation to the large and long-distance establishment of democracy, this question bears immediately and overwhelmingly on economic reconstruction.

If Calles, who now bids fair to be something which Mexico has never known—a political boss who is not the President—can make marked progress toward this end, he will add cubits to his already considerable stature, and make his life-term as a civilian citizen of even greater moment and service than his Presidency.

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Paxton Hibben

By SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

THE first time I ever saw Paxton Hibben, strangely enough, was at a public debate. I say strangely, because I avoid public meetings as a cat avoids water. I do not remember what took me to that debate on Russia; but I rather like to think my guardian angel may have been a bit more watchful than usual, for it became the occasion of a delightful friendship. Mr. Hibben's opponent was a Russian of the old regime; and the argument had not proceeded very far when it became evident that the sponsor of the Soviets had the best of it. Indeed his easy command of the situation nettled the Russian and drove him to abusive personalities which spoiled the effect of such arguments as he had to offer. One might have condoned a similar lapse into blackguarding on Mr. Hibben's part, but it was not necessary; for he returned to the attack with perfect urbanity, and lifted the argument once more to the level of impersonal fact and theory.

It was amusing to see the protagonist of a despised working-class government set this sponsor of the aristocracy such an example of objectivity and good breeding. Indeed, I enjoyed it so much that when I had occasion a few days later to write Mr. Hibben for the *Freeman*, I gave myself the pleasure of telling him so. His answer was an agreeable surprise: I was invited to dine at his home. Thus I was introduced into a household where, *mirabile dictu*, the ruling spirit was that gaiety which is as rare in America today as when Mrs. Trollope commented on its absence a century ago. Another exotic plant which flourished there was genuine conversation. What discussions there were over Sheila Hibben's dinners, where the excellence of the food was equaled only by that of the company! What arguments on every conceivable subject, from the nature and function of language to the adultery of Henry Ward Beecher!—arguments characterized by great good humor and a wealth of amusing comments from the two Hibbens. I had reason, indeed, to thank whatever gods had drawn me to that debate on Russia.

It was a rare privilege to enjoy this intimate contact with Paxton Hibben. There was about him something electric; wherever one touched his mind one drew a spark. Nothing escaped him; no aspect of life was too unimportant to interest him, and none failed to elicit from him a response strongly individual and therefore always interesting and often provocative. Another thing in him which delighted me was the intensity of his absorption in the thing he was doing. While he was writing his biography of Henry Ward Beecher, the Great Preacher really became an intimate of the Hibben circle; we all felt that we knew him well. The same thing was true later of William Jennings Bryan. I suppose I have heard Paxton hold forth a hundred times on the character and behavior of these two men; and his analysis always fascinated me as much as his subject fascinated him.

There were many other reasons why it was a privilege to know this man, among them his capacity for an altogether admirable loyalty to his friends, a loyalty often prolonged far beyond the time when they had ceased to deserve it. In this clinging to people who had been dear to him there was something of that sentimentality which he recognized and fought in himself, and never admitted to another soul, probably, save Sheila Hibben. His friendship for Albert J. Beveridge, for example, not only withstood the test of Beveridge's prima-donna airs; it also withstood the test of his clumsy efforts to conceal their connection when he became a little ashamed of it after Paxton had "gone radical." Paxton Hibben had long since outgrown all that he had in common with Beveridge, but he remained loyal to a friendship which had become anomalous and inconvenient, for the sake of what it had once meant to him. There were no reservations in his loyalty to the people he cared for; nor was he the kind to await an opportune moment to take up the cudgels for a friend. His book in defense of King Constantine came out at a time when it was so disagreeable to our Government that it was quietly suppressed; and the circumstance did not add to official regard for its author. No doubt it was one of the unpublished counts against him in that ridiculous proceeding which did not dare be quite so ridiculous as to deprive Captain Hibben of his commission in the reserve corps of the army.

The qualities which endeared Paxton Hibben to his friends determined the direction of his public life. Being one of those "dissentients afflicted with the malady of thought," and having the mental courage to follow thought along unfamiliar ways, he came, by the strange path of Rooseveltian progressivism, from an inauspicious beginning among the artificialities of diplomatic life to an uncompromising social and economic radicalism. If at the same time he clung with apparent inconsistency to certain things which most radicals reject, this loyalty, again, becomes clear in the light of the sentimentality which he hated. It never involved compromise. He joined the army in 1917—a gesture of loyalty to a conception of patriotism which he was rapidly outgrowing—but his position did not deter him from bringing himself into disfavor with his superior officers by lecturing to his battery on a subject which was no soldier's business: the causes of the war. Nor did he allow the terrors of an official inquiry to swerve him by a hair's breadth from his stand on Russia. His love for old forms and new ideas caused him at one time to be a good deal misunderstood. Neither conservatives nor radicals knew quite how to take him, probably because both expect their sympathizers to be of the herd; they fear and distrust the individual. But Paxton Hibben was, more than anything else, an individual who thought and acted for himself—and as such he really represented the best American tradition. What he found good, to that he gave loyal and courageous support; what he found bad he fought uncompromisingly and with no thought of timeliness or expediency—and he was a formidable antagonist. Perhaps the most significant thing about his public career lies in the fact that he had the strength to break the social mold which cramps the spirit of most Americans of his class, and to emerge into a triumphant individualism which many of his compatriots, no doubt, never understood, but which they were nevertheless forced to respect.

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He had entered, when he died, upon what must have been to him the most satisfactory phase of his career, the writing of biography. Here, too, his mental honesty and his courage brought him into trouble. His "Henry Ward Beecher" aroused a storm of abuse such as few writers have encountered. It is a tribute to his scholarship that no attack was brought against his facts or his interpretation of them that he was not able successfully to refute. The book is called "An American Portrait"; it might with equal justice have been called a portrait of America, for that is what it is—of the America of economic opportunism and moral sham which were dramatically epitomized in Beecher. No doubt the life of Bryan, which is left unfinished, will prove as graphic a picture of a later phase of American life. The parts I have seen show the same vivid understanding of the man and his period, touched with that mordant irony which made the "Beecher" at the same time so delightful and so devastating.

One hesitates to say that another has died too young, remembering the tragic words of Sophocles that there is no such pain as length of life. Paxton Hibben was no friend to the idea of growing old. Yet one feels that he would have liked to finish his work, and fight a few more good fights. His death, untimely for himself, was calamitous for his friends. And not for these alone. The passing of such a man is an irreparable loss to American culture, for he represented all that is best and bravest in American life.

Caste Under Attack in India

By W. NORMAN BROWN

THE class had got on the subject of caste.

"It is eternal," said a Brahman boy. "God divided people into these groups of high and low to punish or reward them for the actions of previous existences."

"But," I interposed, "does not biology teach us that all men are essentially similar, especially those within the same race?"

"Oh, sir," burst out another student passionately, "how can you say that? There is as much difference between a Brahman and a *bhangi* (sweeper) as between a man and a donkey."

The entire class nodded approval, with the exception of the half dozen Mohammedans, who looked disdainfully skeptical but by their silence seemed to acknowledge the futility of argument.

From the orthodox Hindu point of view these boys were entirely right; even the despised *bhangi* would agree. For caste is, briefly, the last word in group consciousness. Sanctioned by religion, it separates the Hindu community on many social matters into innumerable mutually exclusive groups, high and low, the privileged and the oppressed. The most important prohibitions are against intermarriage; lesser disabilities concern such things as eating and drinking. At the bottom of the scale are the Untouchables, "less than men," some sixty million strong, who are so low that they may not be touched by members of the higher castes without risk of ceremonial pollution. In many cases they may not approach within certain prescribed distances of the highest, nor use the same wells or even the same highways. Economically the bleakest poverty is their lot. They compose about one-fifth of the total population of India and about one-fourth of the Hindu community.

Centuries ago this social discrimination was justified intellectually by associating it with the doctrine of Karma (retribution for the act in rebirth). Men reap in one existence what they have sowed in others. The Untouchable of today is only the wicked of yesterday; and, if he lives righteously today, he will be the Brahman of tomorrow. It is not for us, whether we be high or low, to try to overthrow the decrees of an impersonal, irresistible cosmic law; our duty is to accept the present and strive only for a better future.

It is commonly stated that to think of abolishing caste would be as futile as to think of abolishing Hinduism itself. Indeed, the one would be the inevitable concomitant of the other. Efforts that have from time to time been made to overthrow caste have met with no permanent success; rather has caste itself carried the day. The most striking of its victories lie in concessions it has received from rival religions. Among Mohammedans there are converted groups that still retain caste regulations in social matters; and even the Brahmo Samaj, the liberal theistic society of Bengal, that in theory does not tolerate caste, in practice has not rid itself entirely of caste prejudices.

In an India run strictly according to Hindu theory the system of caste would be unshakable—eternal, as my student put it. But India is not so run and never has been. Throughout her long history thoughtful men have frequently expressed skepticism of the validity of caste, and the recurring impact of foreign invasion has often forced modification. The native reaction against caste is very old, almost as old as the institution. Five hundred years before Christ, we are told, the Buddha said that only he is truly a Brahman who lives the Brahman life—birth does not signify—and the sentiment has often been repeated by succeeding moralizers. To this day certain Hindu ascetic orders of the highest standing, whose members concentrate their efforts upon release from the beginningless round of rebirth, admit men of any caste, and once they are admitted caste is forgotten. There is plenty of respected authority to give moral support to attacks upon the system and to provide an antecedent body of opinion in favor of reform.

Of the diverse agencies that are at war with the institution some of the most effective operate against it only by indirection. The mightiest is the new learning from the West. When it was first introduced about a hundred years back, it was thought by missionaries, native reformers, and government officials alike that it would eliminate the undesirable features of the country's social institutions and the expectation has already had a modest fulfilment, with the prospect of a greater. And this, too, in spite of the fact that Hindu apologists, who would rationalize their native institutions by an appeal to modern science, seek support for caste in the teachings of biology concerning heredity. Yet even the most ardent Western eugenicist would scarcely aver that the human species can be separated

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into a thousand or more definitely graduated groups, Nordimaniacs to the contrary.

Still less premeditated has been the leveling influence of the railroad. Except in a few backward native states, when Hindus go traveling no provision is made to sort the Brahman from the leather worker. Outraged though he may be, the former must sit on the same seat with the latter, eat in his presence, submit to a hundred petty infringements of caste law. This situation caused considerable heartburning in the early days of the railways—there were those who preferred to travel by road—but that day has about passed. Now the infringements are tacitly condoned.

But it is the agencies which are operating intentionally against caste that are most conspicuous. Some of these are from without the pale of Hinduism; others from within. The chief of the former are the proselyting religions Christianity and Islam. These, being casteless, make caste a point of attack against the enemy, Hinduism. Appealing to the principle of "by their fruits ye shall know them," they represent that the evils accompanying caste and the whole institution are the result of belief in erroneous metaphysical doctrine. Obviously this argument is effective only with the lower castes; and so to them, all subtleties aside, the aggressor religions quite frankly offer social amelioration as the reward of conversion. These castes in turn are not difficult to persuade, readily submitting to the symbolical rites of baptism or circumcision as the new faith may chance to demand. In this way there comes to exist the phenomenon known as "mass conversion." Whole castes or whole villages whose inhabitants are all members of the same caste adopt a new creed, not knowing much about it doctrinally but finding it a great help amid the physical woes of life.

These wholesale conversions have inspired Hindu counter-religious activity and social reform which is conditioned by two general attitudes of mind. The one, orthodox, counsels alleviation of the miserable condition of the Untouchables but by no means advocates the abolishment of caste. The reformers find the conservative opposition very strong, yet from time to time effect the adoption by the Hindu Maha Sabha, the orthodox Hindu General Association, of measures diminishing specific evils. For example, in 1924, after a serious and successful struggle of the lower castes at a place called Vaikom, in southern India, for the right to use the roads past certain temples, the Maha Sabha adopted a resolution removing the ban in regard to schools, public wells, meeting-places, and temples.

Of the unorthodox Hindu attacks the most vigorous comes from the Arya Samaj, an organization about sixty years old, motivated by a spirit of religious nationalism, which regards the received faith as a left-handed corruption of the teachings of the great seers, repudiates it, and seeks to purify the community by restoring the religion of the Veda. The Arya Samaj has notions of the Vedic religion that are in many respects fantastic, but it is sound in finding no evidence in Vedic literature of the institution of caste as it is now known. As part of its program it would modify caste almost to extinction; thus, in competition with Islam and Christianity, it offers the lower castes about an equal degree of improvement in social status, and at the same time permits them to remain Hindus. In the colleges of northern India Arya Samaj propaganda is remarkably successful. If my class had been composed of fourth-year students, instead of first-year, there would have been some Hindus as well as Mohammedans to harbor doubts about the inviolable sanctity of caste, and, unlike the Mohammedans, they would *not* have sat silent.

It would be unfair to give the impression that the Hindu efforts in behalf of the Untouchables are not due to the workings of humanitarianism as well as of religious expediency. Quite the contrary! The humanitarian trait is known from historical records to have operated in India from at least the time of the Emperor Asoka, in the third century B. C., and it has never since been inactive. As the social teachings of the new world gradually penetrate India's consciousness, that spirit of humanitarianism slowly becomes aware of new fields for its operation and sets about eradicating evils, some of which have roots fixed in the traditions and prejudices of five millennia. A hundred years ago that spirit had moved Raja Ram Mohun Roy to establish a society of religious reform and to call for Western education. Within the memory of ourselves it led the late Mr. Gokhale to found the Servants of India Society that has worked untiringly for the uplift of the depressed classes. Today it drives Gandhi from one end of India to the other, in large cities and small villages alike, preaching against the crime of untouchability. Cries he: "If this is Hinduism, oh Lord, my fervent prayer is that the soonest it is destroyed the best!" For years he has associated in the fullest sense with the most lowly and despised, the sweeper, the scavenger, and performed their loathsome tasks, while he has supported his crusade with arguments of political, economic, religious, and purely humanitarian import. And he is far from being alone in his conviction of the need for social reform. Many fellow-Hindus are with him and with that other great Hindu, Rabindranath Tagore, who finds in the abolition of this social injustice a necessary precursor to any solid nationalism. If the success of Gandhi and those like-minded at first glance seems small, it is tremendous in consideration of the obstacles, and therein lies its chief significance. In the most backward sections of India, in regions where the upper castes ride in passenger coaches on the railroad trains but the lower have "reserved" quarters in open freight cars, he has induced Brahmans to sit side by side with Untouchables in public meeting. The effect of his work is cumulative, destined to continue with increase after he must stop. How could it be otherwise when it is so apposite to ideas that are surely, if slowly, establishing themselves in India?

The efforts to ease the unendurable strictures of caste could never be successful if they were only from above; with them must go conscious activity by the depressed classes themselves. There exists just that activity. Some of it is crude, as when the scavengers go on strike and throw a city with its primitive methods of sewage disposal into a panic, or when the Untouchables at Vaikom protested by public action against some of their disabilities. This is an unreasoning method of desperation, usually availing at the time but seldom producing a permanent gain. Planned for greater effect is the adoption of political means.

With the advent of political reform and the small beginnings of democratic, representative government, the lower orders, growing politically conscious, are becoming restive. Their opportunity lies in the fact that the right of franchise is determined by qualifications of education, property, or rank in civil or military service. Every time a man of the lower castes raises himself in any one of these respects, he improves slightly the social chances of himself

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and his fellows. The issue is especially well drawn in southern India, where the distinctions between the castes are most marked. There the community is divided into two camps, the Brahmans and the non-Brahmans, the latter including the Untouchables, and in the legislative councils the two groups are represented separately. The feeling is intense and has produced such results as the recent formation of a "Non-Brahman Confederation for South India," some of whose stated objects are "to promote good-will and unity among non-Brahman classes and communities of South India, by means of communal representation, social amelioration, and ultimate fusion of all castes." Specific representation in the legislative bodies gives the proponents of such sentiments the chance to express them in action.

The results to date of the attacks on caste, although not large, are definite, compact, and prophetic. In some of the most enlightened quarters the system is clearly on the defensive; more positively a number of minor but concrete modifications have been effected. Members of different castes now associate much more freely than in the past and enforce fewer restrictions on inter-dining. Inter-marriage occurs occasionally. When a high-caste man goes to the hospital, he accepts intimate personal attention from low-caste orderlies that fifty years ago would not have been tolerated. In railway eating-rooms men of all castes eat together. In the North-West Frontier Provinces, so the 1921 Census reveals, Hindus observe no restrictions of inter-dining, and there is a strong tendency to widen the groups that may intermarry and narrow down those that may not. In Bengal, the most advanced province of India, certain social customs that used to be regarded as caste laws have suffered a sharp decline, as the veiling of women, and others are threatened, as enforced widowhood. In several parts of India child-marriage conditions, also under caste supervision, have been improved by the legal adoption of an age-of-consent bill. In the new legislative bodies the representatives of the lowest castes may sit with the highest, thus violating the traditional Hindu notion that governing should be left to a "ruling caste."

What has so far been accomplished against caste has been only the correction of abuses incident to it. Compromise, change, is preceding annihilation, if the latter is ever to come. Evil though caste may be in some respects, it can be safely discarded only piecemeal. "It fixes social precedence, the rules of marriage, of eating, of drinking, of worship, of a hundred other things, and last but not of least importance, it is the primary unit of government in India. The caste *panchayat* (council) is the most fundamental form of representative government in India." Thus Gilchrist in his "Indian Nationality." Each *panchayat* lays down the laws for its own caste, pronounces judgment upon offenders, and administers punishment. Relatively few of such cases are ever appealed to the courts, and cases have actually been removed from the courts to the *panchayats* for adjudication. To overthrow the caste system out of hand would be to turn Hindu society into complete chaos.

As the past of the caste system is obscure, particularly in regard to its origin, so also must be its future. Yet we may well expect a time in a reconstructed India when caste will be so altered that the present order will be regarded with as much curiosity as we in America now look upon the institution of chattel slavery that only a little over sixty years ago was a part of our social structure.

In the Driftway

OF the reading of books there is no end. Unfortunately. In common with most of his friends the Drifter is increasingly overwhelmed by the number of books which he should read but doesn't, which he wants to read but (for lack of time) can't, which he says he has read but hasn't. We ought to pass a law about it. Somebody once said that every time a new book came out he read an old one. But that is no longer possible; there aren't enough old books. And if there were, there isn't enough time. And anyhow some of the new books are better than some of the old ones. *Que faire?* as the French say—whatever that may mean.

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THERE is no use in telling oneself that some day one will have more time and can read everything he wants to select; anybody but a sophomore knows that day will never come. The most the Drifter dares to dream is that in some tranquil future he will have a chance to read some of the books that in past years he has reviewed. There seemed to be good stuff in some of them, and the Drifter laid those volumes down with the promise that one day he would find out what it was. But he doubts if he will. If a moment to do so ever arrives, it is more likely to be spent in reviewing some new books. Nor can the Drifter cope with the flood of new publications, as some of his friends do, by ruling out certain great categories altogether. Some say: "I don't read fiction," or "I don't read poetry," or "I don't read science." But the Drifter is too catholic-minded for that. He bars practically nothing except books on Esperanto, success, and turnip growing. He has sometimes thought of finding someone with whom to pair, as they do in Congress when an important vote is coming up. Thus when asked by the lady beside him at a dinner party if he had read "Scarlet Love," he would be able to answer: "No, but you needn't look at me so scornfully, because the Rev. Dr. Whiteheart of All Angels' Church hasn't read it either. I wanted to read it, while he didn't; so we paired and both passed it up." Thus far, however, the scheme has miscarried because all the Drifter's clerical friends want to read "Scarlet Love." Perhaps a better idea would be to form a club and divide up all books that one "must read" among its members. Thus when cornered at a party by a learned-looking female who demands "What do you think of Professor Boredom's epoch-making book on 'The Delicatessen-Store Proprietor Looks at His Bologna'?" one will be able to draw a leaflet from his pocket and, handing it over, reply without panic: "The Readers' Mutual Insurance Society, to which I belong, assigned that volume to Dr. Stronghead of the department of astro-physics of Johns Hopkins University. Here is his report on it."

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BUT while waiting for schemes like the above to take hold in the community, the Drifter has decided upon a simple yet drastic method of reducing the burden of his reading. He will pick out a single letter of the alphabet and read only authors whose names begin with it. When assailed as an ignoramus for not having read Theobald Scribbler's "Murky Morals" he can reply without shame: "The author's name begins with an 'S.' I read only men whose names begin with 'T.'" In practice probably it would

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most reduce one's reading to choose the letter "Q" or "X," but for purely personal reasons the Drifter has decided on "D." For if he tires of Dante, Disraeli, and the Devil, he can always call for the collected works of the Drifter. That will impose almost no burden on him at all, since these works have never been collected. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Max Eastman Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I regret that a lecture tour delayed my answer to Albert Rhys Williams's criticisms of me in a review of Trotzky's book (*The Nation*, November 14).. Williams, who is and has been for a long time a paid correspondent of the Stalin press, accuses me of "partisanship" because I defend the Opposition! He accuses me of conceiving the Stalin-Trotzky controversy as a "Zoroastrian conflict between forces of good and evil" because I describe it as a conflict of leaders expressing the pressure of class forces. He does not know that my description is purely Marxian. He accuses me of hero-worshiping Trotzky. Does he imagine that Rakovsky, Radek, Preobrazhensky, life-long leaders in Marxian science, have gone into exile for the principle of hero-worship? They are loyal to Trotzky, because Trotzky, like Lenin, is a revolutionary engineer and not an adventurer in political power or socialistic emotion.

"Fundamental to any understanding" of Lenin's party, Williams says, is the fact that its policies are and always have been determined not by the leaders but by the masses, that "the course of the revolution is controlled by the rank and file." The fact is that Lenin began his career by annihilating with the hammer blows of his political realism exactly this romantic talk about leaders and masses that Williams now advances with so much unction. A whole section of his great book "What to Do?" is devoted to it. "I assert," he said, "that no revolutionary movement can be durable without a solid organization of leaders capable of maintaining their succession." That is not "fundamental," however. The fundamental thing is this: "A party of revolutionary Marxists rejects radically" the idea that "any form of party organization is right absolutely and for all periods." Lenin "militarized" the party—to use his own word—during the armed struggle, but the moment the war ended he announced: "The needs of the current moment demand a new organizational form—Workers' Democracy."

It was for insisting upon the enactment of this new, post-revolutionary policy that Trotzky was originally attacked and denounced as a Menshevik. The struggle is still raging about this central theme. Trotzky's present book is essentially devoted to it. Albert Williams emerges from his village sojourn after Trotzky has been fighting this battle five years, and has been arrested and exiled for the principle of "control by the rank and file," and in a pretended review of a book in which Trotzky is still carrying on the fight underground, solemnly informs him that he "ignores" the fact that the revolution is controlled by the rank and file!

Williams denies the publisher's assertion that all the documents in Trotzky's book have been "suppressed and outlawed by the Stalin regime." Trotzky's speech, he says, "was published in *Pravda*, November 2, 1927." What was published in *Pravda*, November 2, was the stenographer's attempt to hear the first half of Trotzky's speech over the uproar of the Central Committee, who refused to let it go into the record. An entire page of the speech is represented in the report by three broken phrases. The fact that the speech was published in this mangled form is, moreover, expressly stated by me in my Explanatory Note.

"The substance of some of" the platform, he says, appeared in *Pravda*, November 14, and was sent abroad in *Inprecor*. What appeared in *Pravda*, November 14, was less than two newspaper pages of "Theses on the Work in the Villages," partly composed of paragraphs from the platform, partly not. The first six paragraphs are a description of how even these theses were suppressed until after they could not affect the elections. They were sent out in *Inprecor*, moreover, only after Trotzky was expelled from the party. In *Inprecor*, Vol. VII, No. 64, Stalin himself asserts that the party refused to print the Opposition platform. In *Pravda*, October 4, 1927, the arrest and imprisonment of Fishelev for printing the outlawed platform is candidly described. Nobody but Albert Williams pretends that the platform is not suppressed.

Finally, Williams states that "the Joffé letter appeared in the magazine *Bolshevik*." The Joffé letter is not a part of Trotzky's book. It was inserted by the editor in an appendix along with translations from the French which could not possibly have been suppressed in Russia. The publisher's announcement about documents in Trotzky's book naturally refers to Trotzky's documents. That is the whole basis upon which Albert Williams accuses Trotzky and me and Harcourt, Brace and Company of making a false statement. I repeat that all the documents in Trotzky's book are suppressed and outlawed in Soviet Russia.

Williams describes how "Trotzky's friend Feodorov" chose his own place of exile, joked about it with his friends, and took a merry trip down to "Zinoviev and Kamenev in exile about sixty miles from Moscow." Zinoviev and Kamenev deserted the Opposition under the threat of exile, "changed their opinions," and are merely awaiting readmittance to the party. Trotzky has denounced them in such terms that no member of the Opposition would go near them. Their "exile," and that of their friends, is indeed a joke. It has nothing to do with the forcible suppression of the Marxian Opposition, which is not a joke to anyone interested in the fate of the Russian Revolution.

Williams exclaims: "The party that wrought the greatest revolution in history become a crowd of dupes and cowards! Is it possible that anybody believes this is the real situation in Russia?" The proportion in the present party of old underground workers—who actually "wrought" the revolution in so far as it was wrought by a party—is 1.4 per cent (*Pravda*, October 9, 1927).

There could be no better proof of the intellectual degeneration of the Communist world-leadership than the reprinting of Albert Williams's non-Marxian, ignorant, and fact-ignoring article by the *Daily Worker* as a defense of Stalin's claim to be the inheritor of Lenin's science.

New York, December 14 MAX EASTMAN

Reforming Police Practice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the recent discussion in your columns of police brutality and third-degree methods, some substitute for the third degree will have to be found before public opinion can be successfully raised to a pitch where a general demand for its abolition can be created. It is quite true that the recovery of stolen property and the conviction of many criminals may not be as important as the protection of general human rights, but the fact remains that many guilty are discovered and much property is restored to its owners by this method.

The rule that a man should not be compelled to testify against himself is not based on sound reasoning if no physical force is brought to bear upon the person so required to testify. The romantic notion that it is the duty of the police to discover and follow up clues à la Sherlock Holmes is absurd under

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modern urban conditions, with large populations, automobile facilities for escape, and organized criminal bands.

It is therefore evident that those who advocate abolition of the third degree will never make a strong case with the public until and unless they can show that the many criminals who have been captured in this way will not escape. There ought to be some civilized substitute for the medieval brutality that has grown up in our police system with regard to the solution of crime. It could possibly be worked out along the following lines: Some judicial officer should be allowed to examine the prisoner under oath and as soon as he is brought in. The prisoner should be compelled to answer questions on pain of imprisonment for contempt in the event he refuses to do so, the length of sentence for this contempt to be proportionate to the gravity of the offense of which he is suspected. It might be advisable to limit this right of interrogation to questions concerning which the veracity of the answer could be checked. This suggested penalty for perjury may not be in line with modern trends in criminological circles, but at least it would be a step forward from the present third-degree method.

Cleveland, November 14 LEONARD E. GINSBURG

Fear-Ridden California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Announcement of a national committee to work for Mooney and Billings is interesting, as noble gestures always are, but I fear that your hope of results is doomed to disappointment. If there are any Californians on the committee they may as well let their colleagues understand at the start that the "unconditional pardon" of these men *is* "too much to ask," for the simple reason that there is not and never will be a public man in California with the courage to commit political suicide. The presentation of the facts in authoritative and orderly fashion by a responsible committee will not be without value. But let us have no illusions that Mr. Hoover or Governor Young or anybody else will ever do anything officially about the matter except ignore it.

San Francisco, November 28 IRVING F. MORROW

Numbered Knowledge

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on Science Says recalled the statement of one of our greatest modern physicists which should be etched into the minds of both scientist and layman. Lord Kelvin said:

> When you can measure what you are speaking about and express it in numbers, you know something about it, and when you cannot measure it, when you cannot express it in numbers, your knowledge is of a meager and unsatisfactory kind. It may be the beginning of knowledge, but you have scarcely in your thought advanced to the stage of a science.

Why do some scientists talk so glibly of things theological when they would not speak so unreservedly of things scientific?

Phoenix, Arizona, November 19 D. H. MARKHAM

De Quinceyana

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am at work upon a new life of Thomas De Quincey with the consent and cooperation of his granddaughters. I should be grateful if anyone having, or knowing of, letters of De Quincey or material pertaining to his life would communicate with me.

Syracuse University,
Syracuse, New York HORACE A. EATON

The revolution in sex and morals

Bertrand Russell, the most brilliant of modern educators and philosophers, praises these two epoch-making books—

THE BANKRUPTCY OF MARRIAGE

by V. F. Calverton

"I have now read your book with great interest. As you know, I agree in the main with your outlook, and I am sure you are doing a most valuable work in America by setting it forth."

Second Printing **$3.**

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by S. D. Schmalhausen

"I have read your book with a great deal of pleasure. It is a work that ought to do a great deal of good. I agree, of course, entirely with your outlook on sex. WHY WE MISBEHAVE is a very valuable book."

Fourth Printing **$3.**

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Books and Plays

Christmas Eve: New York

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Blue stars of evening
whistle about our towers;
strike with thin christening
the chasms of our darkness.
Flakes of lighted windows
flutter still
into the windy alleys of our city:
we have raised our trees of Christmas,
street to starry pinnacle
holy with candles.
Blow up, clear winter;
whirl your white snows.
Christ is born among the lilies;
he flows beneath the arc-lights—
milky garments blowing
underneath the elevated.

This Week

Through the Nose

THE book I have before me is not to be found on drugstore counters, nor does it lie among the heaps of Christmas gift volumes in our leading bookstores. Glancing at its cover, turning over its pages, it seems appropriate that this pearl should indeed be without price. Its fragile charms could not decently be thrown out into the market-place for the eyes and hands and purse of just anyone. No, this work is not for you and me—I shall not attempt to explain how a copy happened to stray into my hands—it is for the Few, the Elect and Discriminating, the Elegantly Sophisticated. And it is not for sale even to them, although in the long run it will quite certainly be paid for—and through the nose, if I may apply that phrase both in its metaphorical and in its most literal sense.

The name of the book is "The Romance of Perfume." It was written by Richard Le Gallienne, illustrated by George Barbier, and "done" on special antique rag paper at the printing-house of William Edwin Rudge. It is a beautiful piece of book-making: the drawings are charmingly reproduced in color; the type is delicate and decorative. As for the text, Mr. Le Gallienne has expressed in refined and subtly aromatic prose and verse the history, chemistry, sentiment, and poetry of perfume through the ages. He treats the subject with the high seriousness that any subject deserves if it is to be discussed on rag paper in type by Rudge and he attributes to the creation and proper use of perfumes most of the finer developments of civilization. He explains, for instance, that "time has been traveling with these sweet smells from the beginning; and though its history may be written in blood and tears, it is written, too, and perhaps more completely, in perfume." The author is not only lyrical, he is sometimes sheerly physiological—though in a nice way:

> All that is sacred, pure, and innocent in man, all that suggests his starry origin and destiny, seems in some way to be most poignantly hinted at in perfume. Not merely fancifully and symbolically, but actually. The deeds of a good man are said to "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," and the innocence of children, the pure thoughts of youth, the holiness of saintly men and women, are known to give a sensible fragrance to their very bodies.

He describes the tastes in perfume of exquisites and frail, lovely ladies of all times; he quotes the poets; he cites the philosophers. He describes in tender rhapsody the Role of Woman. He becomes even more ecstatic in his discussion of the role of the perfumer—that noble and intricate compound of scientist, artist, philosopher, aesthete, psychologist, poet, scholar. Perfumers, indeed, "partake in all the divine and noble associations of perfume."

> Whether they realized it or not, the men who first made perfumes were seeking to distil something like the essence of human romance, something that in an aromatic dewdrop would convey the drama of living, the intimations of the soul, and the spiritual thrill of love.

In fact, according to Mr. Le Gallienne, the perfumer is the only known example of an artist who loses nothing through his contact with trade. The fragrant essential oils of his being drown out the corrupting taint of business. Whereas "even poets," says Mr. Le Gallienne simply and frankly, "who sell their wares, however profitably, lose dignity by the transaction. We come to think of them rather as tradesmen than poets. The processes of business overpower the romantic quality of the thing they sell." Ah, Richard, how aptly you put it.

It was with a faint shiver of something more subtle than surprise that the reviewer slipped a dainty brochure from an envelope in the back of this frail volume and discovered that, at a smart new shop at 20 rue de la Paix (and if that is out of your way you can stop at any local drugstore) the various perfumes and other products of Mr. Richard Hudnut might be purchased. But only, I hope, by the very nicest people, those whose names are on selected lists and whose nostrils have learned to breathe the double-distilled atmosphere of delicate intoxication which pervades this ultimate consummation of the art of the American advertiser.

FREDA KIRCHWEY.

The Virgin Queen

Elizabeth and Essex. By Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

ALMOST every biography written in the English language since 1918 owes something to the example of Lytton Strachey. There is hardly a writer, good, bad, or indifferent, who has turned out a "life" since then without hoping to imitate at least one of the virtues which made "Eminent Victorians" famous, and yet it might fairly be said that Strachey himself belongs more truly to another and greater tradition than he does to that which goes by his name. He was, to be sure, clever and ironical and disrespectful of the dead, but these were no more than the accidents of his method. They might be, and they were, facilely imitated by dozens whose ease was mere superficiality and whose would-be irony was no more than impudence. But behind his work lay a richness of knowledge, an economy of statement, and a scrupulosity in the handling of facts not equaled by any who attempted to follow in his footsteps. Most of the others were, in a word, something less than "Stracheyesque," while he alone was more.

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"Elizabeth and Essex" almost seems to have been intended to emphasize this fact. Turning from those Victorians whom he had helped to make seem inevitably ridiculous he has, in abandoning them, abandoned also any large dependence upon that fastidiously expressed disdain which may have seemed inseparable from his genius. Elizabeth has wrung respect from even his skeptical mind, and he has made no effort to utilize unsuitable occasions for the exercise of his ironic gifts. Telling a complicated and absorbing story with matchless ease, he has rightly assumed that it needed no adventitious ornament, and he has exercised the whole of his extraordinary skill in reconstructing from the voluminous documents a narrative which pauses only to sketch an unforgettable portrait or to speculate with calm detachment upon tangled motives which patience alone cannot even partly unravel. It is more brilliant in its own way than "Queen Victoria" was in another for the very reason that the brilliance inheres less often in a single phrase and reveals itself more conspicuously in the light which shines through the whole than in the flash of an epigram. Many of the most admired phrases of "Eminent Victorians" might have been thrown off by a wit; "Elizabeth and Essex" could have been written only by a man whose imagination was large enough and powerful enough to hold in one sustained embrace all the elements of a complicated situation.

This is not to say that the book does not contain scores of individual sentences pointed enough to invite quotation or that there are not occasional scenes which reveal Strachey's irony at its best—notably, for example, that which describes the death of the pious King Philip racked by hideous disease:

> One thought alone troubled him: had he been remiss in the burning of heretics? He had burnt many, no doubt; but he might have burnt more. Was it because of this, perhaps, that he had not been quite as successful as he might have wished? . . . When he awoke, it was night and there was singing at the altar below him; a sacred candle was lighted and put into his hand, the flame, as he clutched it closer and closer, casting lurid shadows upon his face; and so, in ecstasy and in torment, in absurdity and in greatness, happy, miserable, horrible, and holy, King Philip went off, to meet the Trinity.

Yet it is less in scenes like this—and the whole of it is much finer than the fragmentary quotation of its conclusion can indicate—than in passages of less obviously picturesque effectiveness that the greatness of the book lies, and the tradition to which Strachey really belongs is merely that tradition of historical and biographical writing to which all the greatest works of either of those kinds belong—the tradition, that is to say, which can claim both Tacitus and Gibbon because the qualities which are requisite are simply vigor and incisiveness in a superlative degree.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Sea's Last Frontier

John Cameron's Odyssey. Transcribed by Andrew Farrell. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

"Cap'n George Fred." By George Fred Tilton. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.

Way for a Sailor. By Albert Richard Wetjen. The Century Company. $2.50.

The Cruise of the Northern Light. By Mrs. John Borden. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

THE Pacific Ocean was the last frontier of the sea. I say "was" with intention, because as a frontier the Pacific has disappeared; the water is still there—lots of it—but the frontier is gone. It went during about the same period when our last land frontier—the West—was also passing away. By the end of the last century the Pacific had become safe and sane. At least it had become safe (except for such occasional hazards as typhoons and coral reefs), and if one was cast away on an island, or sailed into a harbor more conventionally on business or pleasure, he could hope for a happier fate than ending hi career in the soup tureen of some South Sea chieftain.

Along with the capitulation of the once independent ruler of the Pacific islands to the white man, eliminating the dange —and so, of course, much of the romance—went another evolu tion. Simultaneously with the passing of the last frontier o the sea sails gave way to steam.

The four books listed above all touch the Pacific and, take together, bridge the passing of the old South Seas, as also th shift from sail to steam. Captain Cameron left a Scotch home i 1867 to go to sea as a boy of seventeen. He followed the se for thirty years, during which, he says: "I saw the end of th Age of Sail. I witnessed the passing of something fuller o pathos—the little brown kingdoms of the Pacific." But h spends no time sentimentalizing over either in his yarn, whic tells of "blackbirding," shipwreck, privation, and dissipatio when the Pacific was still untamed. Some seven years ago Mr Farrell came into contact with Captain Cameron, and the upsho was that the skipper undertook to write his story, to be licke into shape by Mr. Farrell. It is a grand yarn and Mr. Farrel seems to have preserved its original flavor to a high degree.

Cap'n George Fred has written a similar yarn of hard-hitting tough-living personal adventure. He was born on the island o Martha's Vineyard and, having a venturesome nature, was i the circumstances inexorably destined to roam the oceans. H tried to run away to sea twice as a small boy, but was caugh and brought home both times. A third effort was more success ful, and at the advanced age of fourteen he stowed away on a whaling ship in 1875. He chased whales thereafter in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Arctic oceans until 1908, when he mad his last trip out of Frisco as skipper and part owner of the steam whaler Bowhead. He is now in charge of the Charles W Morgan, the old New Bedford whaler which Colonel E. H. R Green has preserved as a memorial of a once great New England industry. Cap'n George Fred's yarn is a racy and piquan one, and loses nothing by reason of the fact that the grammar is frequently that of the sea rather than that of the little red schoolhouse. There are appealing illustrations by Harry Neyland. A note acknowledges indebtedness to Joseph Chase Allen, who wrote a story of Cap'n George Fred's adventures for the *Vineyard Gazette,* "a portion of which appears as a part of this book." In its issue of November 16, last, the *Vineyard Gazette* says: "The 'portion' of the narrative by Mr. Allen thus referred to is virtually 100 per cent of it; and the 'part of the book' substantially identical with Mr. Allen's account consists of no fewer than 285 pages out of the 295."

In contrast to the books by Skipper Cameron and Cap'n George Fred, which deal primarily with the days of sail, is "Way for a Sailor," a story of the age of steam, an era as splendid in a new way—and even more spectacular—than that of wind-power. "Why for a Sailor" is fiction, decidedly better than one would expect whose acquaintance with the author has been gained from his stories in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

In contrast to all three of the other books is Mrs. Borden's narrative, but it is linked with Cap'n George Fred because it was on his recommendation that an executive officer, an old whaling captain, was obtained for the Northern Light, a motor yacht built to the order of Mrs. Borden's husband expressly to make a trip through the Bering Sea to the Arctic for big game. There is no hard life of the sailor in Mrs. Borden's narrative. It is the sea in silk pajamas. Because of that it annoys a little one who learned to know the sea on salt horse and weevily ship's biscuit; also because (1) I dislike lady big-game hunters and (2) I dislike big-game hunters of either sex. Indeed I hold in poor repute any kind of so-called sportsman with a gun. The only justification for shooting animals, big or little, is that of the honest-to-God pot-hunter who kills because he needs the food or the money. But one should not let his personal prejudices enter into his judgment of a book, should he?

ARTHUR WARNER

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Liberty at Any Price

sing Liberty Judicially: Prohibitory and Kindred Laws Examined. By Thomas James Norton. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A SCHOLARLY discussion of the proper scope of liberty today in relation to law would be very useful. Such a book might take up in turn the various clauses of our nstitutional bills of rights and show the extent to which ey are made effective in practice. Mr. Norton, however, gives nothing of the sort. Very many important phases of liberty e either omitted entirely or mentioned casually, such as free- m of speech and assembly, immunity from searches and seiz- es, and the right not to testify against oneself. The book is, fact, a controversial pamphlet against prohibition and social gislation.

The author's main contentions may be briefly stated thus: ıdividual liberty is desirable and traditionally American; erefore all governmental restraints on individual action, with few limited exceptions, are bad. The second proposition may ɔpear to flow naturally from the first, but such logical sim- ·icity fails to consider the complicating factors in the prob- m of liberty which have been created by modern industry and ıe congestion of population. These factors play only a small art in the author's discussion, but they may be summarized ɜ follows: If the individual of today is left free by the state ɔ act or bargain completely as he pleases, his ignorance may ad him into action which will inflict permanent injury upon imself or upon others, and his economic necessities may force ·im into employment which is similarly disadvantageous. Con- ɔquently, it is not an adequate argument against a law re- ·ricting such action or employment to point out that it limits ıe person's liberty. For example, a law prohibiting a woman rom working at night or for more than eight hours a day does ndoubtedly encroach upon her liberty at the time of employ- ıent, but it may save her and her subsequent offspring from hysical incapacities which would in the end limit her liberty nd theirs still more. Consequently, such a law cannot prop- rly be discussed as if it presented a sharp issue between berty and restraint. The true alternatives are between liberty t the moment and continuous freedom. Each proposed piece f social legislation raises the question whether the continu- us freedom of an individual is sufficiently endangered by the orbidden practice to warrant the limitation on his immediate reedom. The answer to this question will depend upon the ɔarticular circumstances of the case, and cannot be discovered y vague definitions of liberty.

Mr. Norton's book minimizes these difficulties. Further- nore it entirely ignores the duty of courts to refrain from de- laring statutes unconstitutional merely because the judges hink them undesirable. It is the task of the legislature to veigh the immediate liberty of the individual against the social dvantages gained by restraint. The court might appraise the ·alue of the opposing forces differently, but this is not enough ·eason for invalidating the statute. So long as it is reason- ɜbly possible that the legislature's judgment may be right, the ·ourt should scrupulously refuse to substitute its opinion for hat of the elected representatives of the people. Mr. Norton ays that the court should not deal with "a possibility." On he contrary, that is exactly the function of the court in a con- ·titutional case. The author appears to assume that if he can ɔnly demonstrate that a minimum-wage law or a law requir- ng a railroad to eliminate grade crossings is objectionable he statute is therefore unconstitutional.

The decision upholding the Oklahoma guaranteed-bank- leposit law gave Mr. Justice Holmes an opportunity to express he wise method of judicial approach to novel legislation:

> We must be cautious about pressing the broad words of the Fourteenth Amendment to a dryly logical extreme. Many laws which it would be vain to ask the court to overthrow could be shown, easily enough, to transgress a scholastic interpretation of one or another of the great guaranties in the Bill of Rights. They more or less limit the liberty of the individual or they diminish property to a certain extent. We have few scientifically certain criteria of legislation, and as it often is difficult to mark the line where what is called the police power of the States is limited by the Constitution of the United States, judges should be slow to read into the latter a *nolumus mutare* as against the law-making power.

In this decision the Supreme Court exhibited a liberalism which has not been maintained in subsequent years. That the author singles it out for a long and vigorous attack, sufficiently illustrates his attitude.

It is a serious objection to Mr. Norton's adverse criticism of important decisions that he fails to recognize that they raise difficult issues which have been painstakingly reviewed by other writers. He does not cite their writings or indicate that he has read them. For example, his condemnation of the Michaelson case upholding the power of Congress to require a jury trial in criminal contempt cases pays no attention to the significant material on this question assembled by Professors Frankfurter and Landis (*Harvard Law Review*, June, 1924). His denunciation of McGrain *vs.* Daugherty, allowing the Senate to compel testimony in an investigation, ignores the contrary conclusions of Professor Landis (*Harvard Law Review*, December, 1926).

As a tract against prohibition the book is not apt to be effective, because it singles out a few decisions for attack without supplying their relation to the great body of Supreme Court decisions. For example, the author objects to the federal legislation aiding Dry States before the Eighteenth Amendment on the ground that the power to regulate interstate commerce does not include the power to prohibit it. Such a narrow interpretation is inconsistent with a decision sustaining the prohibition of interstate shipments of lottery tickets. His contention that "commerce" requires trade and transportation would make it impossible for the federal government to control the interstate broadcasting of radio concerts. His attempt to limit the clause by the circumstances when the Constitution was adopted would restrict "commerce" to sailing vessels and horse-drawn vehicles.

The Eighteenth Amendment he regards as unconstitutional because of the method of its adoption, but does not inform the reader that the Supreme Court reached a different conclusion in Rhode Island *vs.* Palmer. He attacks the amendment as superfluous because so many States had already adopted prohibition laws; and then denounces these same State laws as unconstitutional and condemns the federal legislation which protected Dry States from the liquor sold in their Wet neighbors. Mr. Norton cannot have it both ways. If the prior legislation was really invalid, the Eighteenth Amendment was necessary for prohibition.

The author would have bar examiners ask:

> Where did Congress get power to enact the Cotton Futures Law, the Warehouse Law, the Cooperative Marketing Law? . . . What constitutional authority had it for setting up a Department of Labor and giving the head of it a seat in the Cabinet?

This seems an easy way to dispose of political activities which he dislikes; but he might be disturbed if they asked, as well:

> What clause authorizes the Department of Agriculture, the deportation of radical aliens, the Smithsonian Institution, the Weather Bureau, paper currency, the national and Federal Reserve banks, and the use of marines to supervise Nicaraguan elections?

The tone of the book may be gathered from this sentence:

> In June, 1928, for one example out of many, a party of over thirty instructors in our colleges and universities went to Russia to philosophize over conditions there in-

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stead of taking summer tutelage at home in the constitutional government of their country and, it might well be, in the history and uses of the Monroe Doctrine.

The reviewer would much prefer to praise, if he could, the work of a lawyer whose sixty-five years have created in him a sincere devotion to the Constitution. It is, however, necessary to challenge vigorously conclusions which, coming from a member of the bar and backed by the deservedly high reputation of the publishers, may give this book an unfortunate influence against legislation which is required to curb undesirable private enterprise and aid individuals who are unable to safeguard themselves. It is already much too easy to arouse popular and judicial hostility to such laws in the present period of reaction.

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

Books in Brief

The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster. $6.

Dr. Goldberg has spread a generous table at which gormand Savoyards may feast to repletion. Here they will find the life-stories of Gilbert and of Sullivan culminating in the long Savoy partnership and separating again to their tragic endings, the history of each opera, excerpts from the scores, and a reprinting of many lost Bab Ballads—a lavish and appetizing banquet. In the biographical sections there are traces of an attempt at modern psychoanalytical interpretation. Dr. Goldberg's occasional deprecating comment seems a bit strained and far less convincing than his evident pride and delight in his subjects. With his wealth of fact, anecdote, and authenticated illustration he achieves a very pattern of a modern major general of the army of books that have recently been written on Gilbert and Sullivan.

J. S. Bach. A Biography. By Charles Sanford Terry. Oxford University. $7.50.

A painstaking but dull life of the great German master, written with scrupulous attention to detail, and with an obvious lack of imaginative insight. Throughout the volume there is too much chronicle of outward event and too little evaluation of character and inward life. The most interesting chapter, perhaps, contains a series of letters annotated by John Elias Bach, a cousin of Sebastian's; these letters contain rather interesting material, especially in reference to one of Bach's sons, by all accounts a wayward youth. The volume closes with a series of illustrations depicting bits of medieval Germany that were intimately associated with Bach's career.

Persian Pictures. By Gertrude Bell. With a Preface by Sir E. Denison Ross. Boni and Liveright. $3.

Readers of "The Letters of Gertrude Bell of Arabia" will remember that she went to Persia in her twenties and, besides translating Hafiz, wrote sketches of the country and of her experience there. These are here reprinted in a volume which will serve further to establish her as one of the most brilliant and imaginative of English women.

A London Reverie. Fifty-six Drawings by Joseph Pennell. Introductory Essay and Notes by J. C. Squire. The Macmillan Company. $8.

A book of romantic and impressionistic drawings of London twenty years ago selected by J. C. Squire, who contributes, by way of introduction, a pleasantly discursive essay on London, old and new, on his own acquaintance with the town and her more noted inhabitants, and, finally, on Pennell as a portrayer of London's charms as well as of some of her sorrier aspects. Although Squire fails to give Pennell high rank as an imaginative artist, he admires him as "a very skilful and dashing draftsman; and a restless experimenter. . . ."

Moving Pictures

The Language of Images

AT this stage of the season's progress Eisenstein's "Te Days That Shook the World" must be adjudged, amon the movie offerings, as indisputably the most significan It is unnecessary to dwell on the fact that it is not a great pi ture. The critics who found it confusing and sometimes eve boring were perfectly right. It does confuse people who ai not familiar with the events of the October Revolution, wh know nothing about the struggle between the different revol tionary factions, and to whom the topography of St. Petersbur is a sealed secret. Nor is it possible to deny that the pictu often loses tempo by marking time over sequences which co tain no action or are excessively repetitious. This much goe by general agreement into the debit side of the picture's ac count. Eisenstein himself admits the confusion and the lac of sustained dramatic development, pleading, in justificatio pressure of time and aims and effects other than dramatic.

His plea shall be readily granted. One absolves him o blame for failing to produce drama, for with the magnificen material in his hands—material pictorially and dramaticall as striking as that in his "Potemkin"—he could have easil achieved success if he had only chosen to repeat himself, or t follow the more conventional methods. Deliberately, howeve he steered his course to a different goal—the goal not of gradually prepared dramatic climax and its resolution but o a recital of events with the recitalist's personal "angle" conspicuously in evidence.

In the final analysis there are two schools of thought i the movie art of today. One school regards the motion pictur as a procession of visual images related to one another throug their meaning. The other school maintains that the only signifi cant relationship is that based on the movement of the images or their dynamic interplay. Hollywood, with the exception o Murnau and to some extent of King Vidor and Fejos, has al ways adhered to the first theory. To the same school belongs the whole modern group of Russian movie directors—Kuleshoff Vertoff, Pudovkin, and Eisenstein. Only the Russians ar developing their theory much farther than it ever occurred t the Americans to do. Not content with ignoring the Holly wood formula for dramatic construction, they are attempting t build the language of cinematic images. They believe tha visual images, like words, can be joined into sentences, wit the difference that the cementing medium is provided by th associations arising out of the meaning of the images—the logi of facts, so to speak—and not by the etymological forms, as i word sentences.

In "Ten Days That Shook the World" Eisenstein make great play of this linguistic concept. The problem which en gaged his special attention was that of the cinematic equivalent of metaphors and other figures of speech and qualifying clauses which in the verbal language serve to express the speaker's personal attitude to the subject of his narration. In the pres ent case Eisenstein confined his personal reaction to satirical comment on the enemies of the revolution: he points a mock ing finger at self-opinionated Kerensky by introducing the statue of a woman holding a wreath as if about to crown the hero, or by placing him side by side with the statue of Na poleon; he pokes fun at Kerensky's ministers by showing their dreamy musings to the accompaniment of heavenly melodies played on harps by ethereal ladies; he stresses the moral of a telephone conversation between Kerensky and a Cossack stable man by showing the buttocks of munching horses as a sign of the latter's "neutrality."

It is impossible to deny considerable interest to Eisen stein's experiment. It is suggestive. It may add to the re-

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urces of the cinema. It may bring about a new, essentially escriptive *genre* of the screen art. But it is fundamentally nti-dynamic and anti-dramatic, and as such lies off the main ad of artistic progress in this medium. Far more important an these exercises in linguistic ideography are some of Eisenein's startling visual effects produced by purely dynamic means. uch is the effect of machine-gun fire with its rapid staccato beat which is conveyed almost with the reality of sound. isenstein achieves this by alternating very rapidly two or aree different sequences of guns and gunners, one sequence eing light and the other dark, while differing also in the poition of objects which results in the effect of intermittent spurts.

It remains to be added that in spite of its rococo discurriveness and its lack of organized dramatic development, "Ten Days That Shook the World" is replete with magnificent scenes f mass movement, with amazingly observed characters (a gallery of types that can never be forgotten), and with extremely triking and beautiful camera shots.

Of the other pictures lately shown on Broadway the most atisfying was "Shadows of Fear" (Therese Raquin)—a straightforward realistic drama directed by Jacques Feyder with a subtlety reminiscent of Chaplin's "Woman of Paris." Murnau's "Four Devils," though less firmly knit than his "Sunrise," and though sharing with the latter a certain lack of warmth in the make-up of its characters, shows the hand of a master in its flowing style, which shapes and modulates its equally fluid emotional content. "Lonesome," directed by Paul Fejos, has the same dynamic quality as "Four Devils" and shows many extremely interesting and suggestive effects such as the combination of a number of independent images within the same frame. It is marred by an unnecessary talking sequence. Eric von Stroheim's "Wedding March," redolent with the old-fashioned sentimentality of the days of "The Blue Danube," is interesting only for its insistence on realistic detail—an insistence so shrieking and sometimes so incongruous that it loses even the little virtue that one might be willing to concede it. "White Shadows," depicting the life of the South Sea islanders, is a very effective picture, in fact, too effective, with that characteristic Hollywood sleekness and prettifying. King Vidor's "Show People" is a fairly amusing comedy, though most of its laughs, one is sorry to say, come from the titles.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

Tour de Force

THE directors of the Theater Guild were shrewd in their determination to furnish no advance information concerning their latest production, for it is vastly more entertaining than any description would indicate. To say that it deals with the consternation produced when a young physicist discovers how to release the energy of the atom and to add further that the entire action takes place at a meeting of the British Cabinet is inevitably to suggest that the auditor is in for an evening of verbiage; but all gloomy forebodings notwithstanding, "Wings over Europe" (Martin Beck Theater) is an original and gripping play. Its authors, Robert Nichols and Maurice Brown, have handled their subject with a fine sense of its latent dramatic possibilities and, steering a difficult course between melodrama and disquisition, they have accomplished a *tour de force* more striking than any other recent attempt to put a world problem on the stage.

Doubtless they do not intend their dramatic simplification of the theme to be taken without a grain of salt. The young recluse who suddenly appears with proof that he has discovered a means whereby illimitable power may be placed in the hands of man and who asks the assembled rulers of England what they propose to do with it, is obviously a creature of fancy; for

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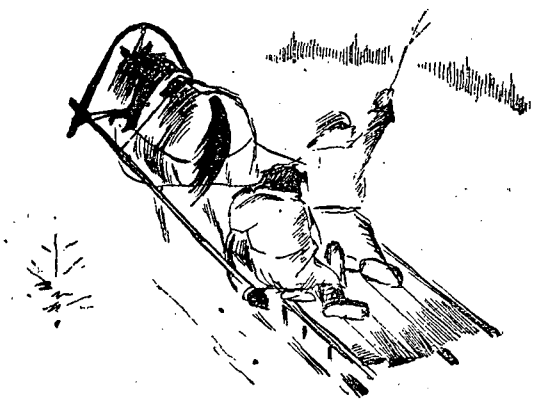

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when (or if) the atom is unlocked the discoverer of the secret will not be, like the hero of "Wings over Europe," instantaneously in a position either to turn all the wheels of the world without steam or to blow the terrestrial globe to bits. But this fantastic simplification serves admirably to convey an evident though almost ungraspable truth. For a century and a half man's power has been increasing at an accelerated rate, and there is every reason to suppose that it will continue to do so. Far from reaping all the advantages which would seem to result, he has, up to the present, been barely able to preserve himself from the destruction which his own machines threatened. What does he propose to do when the might of his electricity and his explosives, even now all but uncontrollable, is multiplied by infinity?

Some day he will be compelled to assume the responsibility of something like omnipotence so far as the physical world is concerned. Is there anything in his present behavior to suggest that he will know what to do with his power, or is it more likely that he will be, like the imaginary Cabinet in the present play, impotently all-powerful? Faced with its timidity, its selfishness, and its lack of any constructive imagination, our hero allows himself to be convinced that his discovery is not, as he had supposed, a road to the Golden Age, but he refuses to accept the suggestion that he sink it deeper than Prospero's books. Mankind is obviously a failure. If its sufferings have been due, not to lack of power, but to lack of good-will, there is no further hope for it and no good in postponing the disaster which must inevitably come. Perhaps Nature is conducting a more successful experiment upon some other globe now revolving about some remoter sun. As for this one, he will blow it to bits.

Obviously the chief difficulty inherent in such a theme is the result of its ill-defined magnitude, for too much subject is as dangerous to a playwright as too little. Drama must take place at some point localized in time and space, and the success of "Wings over Europe" depends largely upon the fact that its authors, realizing this, have not permitted their speculations to carry them too far afield. Allowing its implications to remain merely implications, they have centered their attention upon the effect of the physicist's revelation upon a diversified group of individual human beings and made the drama itself to consist, to a very considerable extent, in the interplay between these concrete personages. If dramatic action be thought of as inevitably involving physical commotion, then "Wings over Europe" is almost devoid of it, but if it be considered to consist in the sudden shifting back and forth of the spiritual balance of power between characters, then the play has a great deal, for it is never either repetitious or static. There is a continuous movement from the moment when the Cabinet first hears with impatient incredulity the tremendous announcement until it is gradually reduced to its realization that the end is at hand, and there is a continuous suspense for the audience which can never anticipate the next development.

"Wings over Europe" belongs perhaps to the class of "stunt" plays, but it has a freshness particularly grateful in a stale season and there is only one fault to find with an excellent production in which Ernest Crawford, Alexander Kirkland, and Frank Conroy take the leads; it should be housed in a more intimate theater instead of being, as it is, somewhat lost in the Byzantine immensities of the Martin Beck.

"Whoopee" (New Amsterdam Theater) is produced with Mr. Ziegfeld's usual magnificence. The presence of Eddie Cantor gives it a place very near the top of contemporary musical comedies.

The New Playwrights' group (temporarily housed at the Provincetown Theater) is offering an extremely ragged but occasionally powerful production of Upton Sinclair's "Singing Jailbirds." The play, long known in print, is almost as uncertain as the production. Forceful writing alternates with passages of impossibly stilted dialogue, and dramatic scenes with tepid discourses upon the future of the proletariat.

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International Relations Section

Internal Conflict in China

By WILLIAM PROHME

THE new "National Government, Republic of China," now that it has defined its form under the five Yuan system, subsidiary to a State Council headed by a military leader, begins its career with every sign of lively realism in approaching the problem of China's foreign relations.

It already has succeeded in winning *de jure* recognition from the United States, implied in the fiscal treaty of July acknowledging China's autonomy in tariff regulations commencing January 1, 1929. That acknowledgment, of course, may not mean much unless other Powers likewise approve it, for the "most-favored-nation" clause still holds. Nevertheless it is a step ahead.

It has liquidated the Nanking affair of March, 1927, with nearly all the nations involved. It is negotiating new commercial treaties with several European Powers, and one country, Germany, is preparing to set up its legation (which may become an embassy) at Nanking, recognizing by that act that Nanking is definitely the new capital. Only with Japan do negotiations lag, due to the obstinacy of General Tanaka's Government about the Tsinan affair of last May and about the status of Manchuria.

In foreign relations one may say that the present National Government has its major problems well in hand and on the road toward proper settlement. But what of its approach to domestic problems? There the story seems to be different. In fact, in this field the new regime is showing the most complete blindness. It proceeds as if domestic problems would settle themselves by themselves, if only foreign problems can be solved and a sound working administration be set up.

The major domestic problems in China have to do with the land, the status of the peasant and the improvement of his condition, trade-union organization and development. In a country where from 85 to 90 per cent of the people are peasants and workers, it is idle to say that problems dealing with their welfare can be secondary and may be left until after problems of foreign relations and internal administration are settled. To say that is to argue that one can set up government in a vacuum, without regard to the very bases of the society to be governed.

Yet the attitude of the present regime at Nanking has been one of active enmity against labor and the peasantry, on the ground that these elements, by their "impatience" to have their problems looked into, are making disturbances that interfere with the "settled conditions" necessary for working out foreign and administrative problems. In short, the present regime is placing the cart before the horse.

In provinces like Hunan, Kiangsi, and Hupeh, and also in Kwangtung, where echoes of 1927's peasant uprisings still are heard in armed bands of peasants raiding grain warehouses of the rich gentry (the usurers of the country, who keep so large a part of China's peasantry in perpetual chains of debt) the armies of Nanking's Government undertake punitive expeditions against what are dubbed "bandits" or "communists." These uprisings are characterized by such a man as Sir Cecil Clementi, Governor of Hongkong, as "echoes of Borodin's influence." But Admiral Mark Bristol, who commands America's fleet in China's waters, told the British-American Association at Peking a short time ago that they were "the inevitable revolt of oppressed people against their oppressors."

In the field of labor there has been the most ruthless suppression. Labor unions were prohibited in Peking and Tientsin, by order of General Yen Hsi-shan, that "model governor" of Shansi. In Shanghai, ever since Chiang Kai-shek and the rich merchants have called the tune there, only government-controlled Fascist unions have been allowed. The All-China Federation of Labor and the Shanghai Federation of Labor are interdicted organizations, but they exist underground. In Canton, where suppression has been more bloody than anywhere else in China, labor-union members and peasant leaders are this very day being executed.

The new Government's official attitude toward labor is clearly exposed in a manifesto of October 17, issued "with a view," according to the official Kuo Min News Agency, "to clarifying the position of the Kuomintang, and outlining its position as regards the country's working classes." This manifesto tells the workers to wait until the revolution is completed, until unity is achieved, until China's foreign relations are settled, until the Government's working administration is running smoothly. It says in part:

> . . . Our comrades in the field of industry must realize that the success of the revolution is yet far off. They must know that while militarism within has been exterminated, dangers from abroad are still to be overcome. . . . Our workers in striving for a better economic and social position must not start from their individual position as such, for then it will merely mean class struggle within the country which will surely drag them down. They must strive in unison as citizens of China against dangers from abroad; for we must first raise the position of our country before the status of our workers can be improved. They must think in terms of, and strive for, national progress and advancement instead of individual gain.
>
> Our workers must realize that the secret of our national preservation and progress is our country's historical and cultural continuity. Our present society is the result of hundreds of years of activity on the part of our forefathers, and it is our duty to continue their activity in order that we may bequeath this inheritance from our forebears to our descendants.

(This passage suggests that the writer of the manifesto probably remembers Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's famous admonition of 1920, that the highest duty of American citizens is to hand down to coming generations the institutions of the revolutionary fathers, unmarred, unchanged, immaculate and pure.)

> In order to do so, however, we must not think of the immediate advantages ahead and try only to secure those enjoyments for ourselves in the short span of years of our own lives. We must consider the welfare of our descendants and our responsibilities to them.
>
> . . . It is the desire of the Kuomintang that the workers refrain from making unreasonable demands upon society and the Government, and cooperate with the authorities in maintaining general stability so that the Government can proceed with various reconstruction schemes which are designed for the ultimate benefit of the entire country. If our workers persist in showing what the Communists term "class consciousness," thus breaking the harmony of society to their own detriment, it will be impossible even for the

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ire Chinese people to survive, not to say the workers ne.

The pious vagueness of all this convinces trade-union rs that they will get no help from the present regime. llectual leaders in the labor movement, who happen also ave an ear for British slang, call it "eye-wash," and eed with their underground expansion of the All-China ration of Labor, the outlaw body which has had no open gnition since the spring of 1927.

The so-called "radical" movement goes on everywhere, argely by peasant and labor leaders. The students, from ing down to Canton, bereft of the opportunity for "ac- " and frowned upon by the government which no longer 's them and whose spokesmen tell them to "pay atten- to their books and let politics alone," are everywhere nore or less open revolt.

The "reign of terror" against all proletarian activity is lting, according to an Associated Press mail story sent from Shanghai in October, in "opposition to this rightist ernment" that is "growing noticeably in these recent ths."

In the seeming peace and unity of China, therefo e, ch wins so many kindly editorial comments in so ma y xpected quarters of the world's press, there is u y und war and conflict. The acknowledged leader nder- -Communist Left in the Kuomintang, Mrs. S of the , stands aloof in Europe, disdaining to coope ate with s regime, which, she has said, befouls and d enies the pro- m of her late husband, leader of the rev- nder of the Kuomintang.

All of which leads to the conclu sion that the present ational Government, Republic of China" will have this toric role to play: to clear u ither the will nor the desire, rld. Beyond that it has n derstanding, to do anything. temperament nor the u estic problems must be left for a e solution of China's dom ave to be dominated by the present er regime, which will b of the Left. A persistence by the laws and outcasts present policies toward labor and the esent regime in its the return of these Leftists to power. asants will haste

Contributors to This Issue

ANCHOT is a New York lawyer and publicist.

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